

... THE BEST STORY OF A GREAT ICE SPORT! ...

# GOOD STORIES FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY. OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1906 by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 19.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

## FRANK MANLEY'S ICE BOAT REGATTA; OR, THE FELLOWS WHO CAME IN SECOND BEST. *By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."*



As the mile-a-minute flyers crossed the line chagrin changed to horror. Hal lurched from the cross-bar, landing crashingly on his head. "Cofford killed!" flashed the swift tidings!





# Frank Manley's Weekly

## GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG ATHLETES

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1906, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.*

No. 19

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1906.

Price 5 Cents

# Frank Manley's Ice Boat Regatta;

OR,

## THE FELLOWS WHO CAME IN SECOND BEST.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR"

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ICE BOAT PIRATE.

"Ugh! This don't seem honest!" shivered Jack Winston.

"What's wrong, Jackets?" laughed Hal Spofford.

"Why, it may be morning, but its plumb dark yet. Just think of scooting off up the river at something like a mile a minute! And no knowing whether we hit anybody. Why, it's worse than automobiling!"

"And simply can't know when we're going to hit open water, either, eh; Jackets?"

"Well, of course, this ice boating when it's plumb dark is risky," admitted the smallest athlete of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

"You might stay behind, if it's going to get on your nerves," hinted Hal, mischievously.

At the mere hint of being afraid Winston drew himself up to his fullest height of less than five feet. Then, as he glanced at Hal's laughing face, the little fellow grinned.

They stood at the river's edge, just below the club's gymnasium.

Tied to the dock was the club's ice boat, left over from the former season.

It was a handsome craft that had been bought for the

club by Mr. John Dunstan as a reward for the club's work in rescuing himself, his daughter and other members of a coasting party that had slid out onto the river and into open water.

A year before this boat had won out, by a slight margin, against the bigger and supposedly better boat of the Bradfords.

Now, the Woodstock boat had been put once more into commission, preparatory to taking part in an ice regatta that was planned to take place at the end of the week.

Frank Manley, captain of the Woodstocks, his lieutenant, Hal, and young Winston had decided to rise early on this Monday morning and make a trial trip before daylight.

It was not yet five in the morning. Hal and Jackets had run the boat out of her shed and had hoisted the sail.

Now jib and mainsail, secured by loose sheets, were flapping idly in the light morning breeze.

"What's keeping Frank so long?" wondered Jackets, glancing toward the gym.

"Speaking of angels," laughed Hal. They could hear Frank's whistle now, as he closed the gym door behind him and came down the path.

As he loomed up in sight they saw that he was carrying a rather large wooden box.

"What's doing?" asked Hal, nodding at the box.



"Oh, some things I thought I'd bring along," nodded Manley. "And, Jupiter, fellows, I've forgotten the rugs. It may be cold sitting still in that cockpit this morning. Run up, both, and see what you can find."

As his two friends turned quickly, Frank smiled at their backs, then pulled off the lid of the box and went to work in earnest.

Of rugs, there was but one in the gym, and that—the one in the office—was altogether too large for the small cockpit of the ice boat.

But in the locker-room Hal and Jackets gathered up a lot of training blankets, and, with these, they reached the gym's outer door.

"Great Dewey!" gasped Hal, turning his gaze on the river. "So that's what Frank wanted to get us out of the way for. Well—say!"

"Great!" chirped Jackets. "That's like carrying the moon with us."

To the ends of the cross-beams, on either side of the boat, Manley had clamped an acetylene gas lamp. Another was made fast at the tip of the bowsprit, while another hung rigidly in place at the masthead.

All four of the lamps were lighted, now, and throwing their broad, searching rays up the dark river.

"Say, that's wonderful!" cried Hal, as he reached the boat.

"Rather slick, eh?" smiled Frank.

"Why, they're like bike lamps, except that they're a little larger."

"And quite a bit more powerful," added Frank. "I ordered these last week, to see whether they would make night sailing safe and pleasant. Lay on a hand here with me, and we'll run these pulley-cords back so that, from the cockpit, we can turn any one of the lamps in any direction that we want."

This task was quickly accomplished.

"Into the cockpit with you, Jackets," ordered Frank, at last. "You, Hal, out on the windward cross-beam."

Under the combined glare of the lamps the river ahead of them was quite brilliantly lighted for more than three hundred yards. Fainter rays of the light penetrated even further.

"Get ready to haul the sheets in, Jackets, and get them over the cleats. Watch my hand for signals as to whether to slacken or tighten. Now, then!"

Hal cast off, just before he sprang up on the windward cross-beam and held to the mast.

A slow, easy glide, a quick jerk, as a puff of wind caught the hauled-in mainsail, and the ice craft was off and away, stealing swiftly up the river.

"Ease the main-sheet a little," called Frank. "I don't want to go too fast until I see just how the lights are going to behave."

"It's great!" thrilled Jackets, to himself, as the little craft went whizzing up the ice on two runners and the searchlights made their immediate neighborhood as plain, almost, as in the daytime.

They were around the first bend of the river in a jiffy.

Now, before the wind, they slackened a little in speed, for it is a peculiarity of the ice boat that she is a slow sailer before the wind.

But once around the second bend, with the wind abeam again, the racing craft dashed along at a speed that kept the young athletes busy handling her.

"Too bad Tod Owens can't see us," sighed Jackets.

"Wait until he hears about our lights," laughed Frank. "He'll have 'em, too, and Bradford will be out about every night."

"Going to make the turn near Bradfird?" queried Winston.

"What, with this wind? And this sport?" demanded Frank, his eyes dancing. "No, sir! I'm going above Bradford. Going to explore the river between now and daylight."

Though the Woodstock boys knew the river, in a general way, for some distance above Bradford, they had never explored that portion of the stream in detail.

"Going miles above Bradford!" roared Jackets to Hal, making a speaking trumpet of his hands.

"All right!" came back the unconcerned answer from Spofford. Had the word been that Manley meant to try to make the Great Lakes, the response would have been the same. Hal never questioned the acts of his chum.

"Turn the starboard light on the shore," called Frank.

As Jackets obeyed, the rays fell on a half a dozen Bradford boys who, at this early hour, were at the dock with their skates.

These surprised youngsters were caught gaping and waving their hands at the Woodstock night-fliers, and then the ice boat had whizzed by and out of sight.

"They're on, now," laughed Frank. "The Bradford boat will have lights like ours to-morrow."

Straight along the stretch for three-quarters of a mile, and now Manley guided the craft around a bend.

As he did so, a warning hail came back from Lookout Hal.

Manley, with his gaze turned straight up the river, saw the same object that had attracted his lieutenant's gaze.

Far ahead, just in the outer rim of light from the Woodstock boat another ice boat had been made out for a few seconds.

And a cry of surprise had come back over the ice from this other boat.

Then the stranger went off on a tack, darting out beyond the rays of light.

"That the Bradford boat?" hailed Frank.

"Nope!" came Hal's positive denial. "Smaller boat and larger cockpit."

"Sure it isn't Bradford?" demanded Frank, in perplexity.

"Certain sure! Pick her up again with your light and you'll see."

"But Bradford and ourselves are the only two ice craft on this river."

"Don't care," retorted Spofford. "That boat wasn't Bradford. Try to pick her up."



"That I will," muttered Manley, between his teeth.

He was full of curiosity to know what strange boat had been added to the small Green River fleet.

"She went off to leeward," reflected Frank. "I'll take a veer that way myself. Jackets, turn a little of the light leeward."

Winston manipulated the pulley-cords as the Woodstock craft raced forward.

Frank, too, called for tauter sheets. He crowded on speed in the effort to pick up the stranger again.

And, at last, he succeeded.

Dimly, vaguely, just in the outer rim of Woodstock light the strange ice craft could be made out.

"They don't like our lights," bellowed back Hal. "They're trying to get away."

"I see it's not the Bradford boat," nodded Manley.

"And those fellows don't intend that you should see any more," thrilled Hal.

"I'm going to, just the same," gritted Frank.

"There they go—out of sight again."

"We'll pick 'em up in a minute."

Pick them up Manley did, though he could not seem to get any closer to the flying craft ahead.

But now, over the ice, came the hail, through a megaphone:

"Keep back there, if you know what's good for you!"

"Ginger! Those chaps are up to something they don't want us to know anything about!" gasped Hal.

"A pirate ice boat, then, by the great Dewey!" cried Winston, his eyes ablaze with interest.

"I'm going to catch up with those fellows, whether they like it or not!" vibrated Frank Manley.

Eyes ahead, strong hand on tiller, Manley signalled Jackets to tauten the sheets for the stern chase.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PIRATE OPENS WITH ITS STERN BATTERY.

"Keep back!" came, again, the warning through the megaphone.

But Frank applied all his energies to getting the strange craft closer within the ring of light from his own craft.

"Keep back, you fools!" came the insistent warning. "You don't know what you're running into!"

"I'll know, pretty soon!" thundered Captain Manley, but doubtless his voice was lost in the sharp roar of the two flying craft.

Then, by a quick tack, the stranger got out of the range of the light.

Almost as quickly Frank had her picked up again, scudding along less than a quarter of a mile distant.

Yet Frank could see that the stranger was fast enough. The chase was likely to prove a long one.

"Last call!" came the heavy voice through the megaphone. "Going to turn back?"

"No!" travelled Frank's defy.

Once more the strange craft had tacked out of the path of the searchlights, and Frank was doing his best to pick her up.

He did not have to wait long. The stranger herself showed a light.

There was a sharp, long, thin flash, that pointed straight at the Woodstock boat, then a sharp report.

Zz—zz—zz—zud! A bullet passed just over the backbone of the Woodstock craft, striking the ice beyond.

"Now, we know that's a pirate!" bawled back Hal. "He's using his stern battery."

Another flash, another crack, and Hal, in his excitement, almost fell to the ice.

"Going to keep back?" came that voice through the megaphone.

Frank, though keeping straight on toward the last flash, looked in a puzzled way at his companions.

"Go after 'em!" advised Jackets. "They're bluffing."

Flash! Crack! Z—zz—zz! The ball sped high, as if aimed at the masthead light.

Jackets, with a blink of satisfaction, turned the masthead light squarely in the direction of the flash.

His challenge was squarely met by another shot that all but got the masthead light.

"There's a good shot aboard that pirate," gritted Manley, crouching low and signalling Jackets what to do with the sheets.

Frank was now doing his best to overtake the pirate ice boat.

All question of whether or not to pursue had evidently been settled in his mind.

The stern chase must continue until the daring stranger was overhauled.

"Get back there, you idiots!" came the ugly voice through the megaphone. "Get back, or we'll try for you next, instead of the lights."

"What do you say, fellows?" shouted Frank.

"Go after them—the 'unhung rascals!" quivered Jackets.

"They've been doing something wrong, or they wouldn't be this scared about our seeing who they are!" bellowed back Hal, above the rattle and roar made by runners and cordage.

"Then I'll keep on after 'em to the finish," pulsated Frank.

"Bully! That's the stuff!" glowed Jackets.

"All right," agreed Hal, without appearance of concern. Crack! Crash! The bowsprit light was gone this time.

"They've got our range all right," smiled Frank, grimly. "The chumps! We couldn't keep them in sight now, if it wasn't for their gun flashes!"

Now a quick, spurting succession of flashes showed ahead, mingled with the reports of a swift, menacing volley. Bullets struck all around the pursuing Woodstock ice boat.

"They're giving us broadsides now!" ripped out Hal, as soon as the rattle of the firing had died out.



"They'll know they haven't touched us," chuckled Manley. "Our masthead light, in motion, will tell them that. Who can they be? And what are they up to? Oh, we ought to make them sweat for this murderous work!"

"Get off our trail, now, or we'll wind you up in short order! We won't stand for any more nonsense!" came the ugly hail.

"If we had a megaphone we could talk back to 'em," laughed Frank. "However, our masthead light will do our talking. Oh, if I could only gain on them!"

Again a volley flashed out, crackled out ahead.

"Jupiter!" gasped Frank. And now he was busy in earnest.

For one of the bullets had struck the mainsail halyard.

Four or five seconds was, perhaps, the time for which the shattered halyard hung together.

Then, under the strain, it broke. Down came the mainsail with a suddenness and a lurching swaying that nearly capsized the sensitive racing boat.

Capsize it surely would, had not Manley handled the tiller with the greatest skill in this trying moment.

Jackets, too, was alert, for he cast off the jib sheet entirely, thus allowing the dragging mainsail to aid Manley's cool-headed effort to stop the boat.

"They've beaten us," gritted Frank, as the Woodstock racing boat came to a stop. "On boats like these twenty seconds loses a chase. We can repair quickly, but our last show to overhaul those fellows is gone."

"Gone, just now, you mean," corrected Winston, as he crept out of the cockpit and ran forward over the ice to assist Hal in lowering the jib and stowing his mainsail more tidily.

"What on earth could those chaps be up to, anyway, that they'd use such desperate measures to keep us behind?" growled Hal.

"We can only guess," smiled Frank, grimly.

"Guessing will do for now," proclaimed Jackets. "But I mean to do more than guess before the day's over."

"What, for instance?" asked Hal.

"I'll find out this afternoon who else on the Green River owns an ice boat," grunted Jackets.

"And even then," put in Frank, "you have no proof that her owner was sailing her this morning."

"It'll give us a clew, anyway, to start on," retorted the little athlete.

"We certainly must know more about those fellows," assented Manley. "I don't believe in letting any man shoot at me without giving him a chance to explain why he did it."

The loss of the halyard was not serious. The Woodstock boys always carried plenty of extra cordage when out with their boat.

After a few minutes of busy work Frank had the halyard satisfactorily spliced. He climbed the mast to rig the halyard once more.

"Several bullets struck the mast," he reported, coolly, as he hung aloft at his task.

"That's nothing," chuckled Hal. "They didn't strike us. The mast can stand it."

"Shall we go on up the river?" asked Spofford, when the racer was once more in trim.

"What's the use?" demanded Frank. "We wouldn't learn anything now. Those fellows have had time to go miles and leave their boat far behind."

"Home, then?"

"Yes."

But, though Manley appeared to have given up the notion of solving the mystery of the pirate ice boat, Hal knew his chum too well to believe that anything of the sort was the case.

As they started down the river Frank's whole energy seemed to be devoted, as, indeed, it was, to getting the utmost speed out of the boat.

Yet that did not stop our hero from thinking over the short, sharp, queer adventure of the early morning.

"I'm like Jackets," smiled Manley. "I shan't rest contented until I know all about this mysterious business."

The first light of day was coming as they whizzed by the still drowsing town of Bradford. The upper rim of the sun was showing as they docked at Woodstock.

In silence Manley helped his chums with the housing of the boat. Then they went to the gym, where they succeeded in getting Tod Owen on the telephone.

"Who else on the river owns ice boats, Tod?" queried Frank.

"Why, no one."

"You're sure that no one above Bradford has such a craft?"

"As certain as can be," replied Bradford's athlete captain.

"If you should hear anything about another boat, you'll tell me, won't you?"

"Certainly. Why? Want to get more entries for our race Saturday?"

"That would make it interesting, wouldn't it?" Frank answered, evasively. "You'll make careful inquiry, won't you?"

By afternoon Tod reported that he was still unable to learn of the existence of any ice boat on the river, outside of those owned by the two junior athletic clubs.

Frank and Hal had to be present at a practice match at curling after school that afternoon, but Winston went off on his own mission of inquiry.

The next afternoon, too, Jackets devoted to his quest, but without avail.

"It's about time to wonder if we didn't dream about that thing," laughed Winston, uneasily, as he reported to our hero just before supper that Tuesday evening.

"We didn't dream, as I hope to prove to-night," retorted Manley.

"To-night?" echoed Jackets.

"See here, little one. I've got new lights and a plan of cruise. If that pirate ice boat is out to-night I'll overhaul her! If you want to see what happens, come to my house to-night at nine o'clock. Will you be there?"

"Will I?" repeated Winston. "Oh, won't I, though?"



## CHAPTER III.

## RED-HANDED!

"The longer they keep us standing here in the cold, the more I'll have it in for the pirates!" grumbled Joe.

"It may be an all-night wait," muttered Frank. "In fact nothing may come of it, if we stay here until daylight. We're taking a chance on this."

"Oh, yes, I know that," rejoined Joe, good-naturedly, as he struck his hands to keep warm.

Joe Prescott, second lieutenant of the club, had been asked to join the three who had that queer meeting with the other ice boat crew.

With them, also, was a fifth person—a policeman from Bradford, who had stepped aboard the Woodstock racer by invitation.

And now they had run in at a cove on the left shore of the river.

The boat lay there with sails hoisted and sheets eased, ready for a start at any moment.

All four lights were again in place, and lighted, though over the lenses were covers that hid the rays. Cords were attached to the lamp covers so that all four could be removed in a twinkling, if it became necessary.

The boat had come slowly up the river without the use of its lights, and the cove was almost directly opposite where the halyard had been shot away the morning of the day before.

It was almost midnight, now, and, despite their warm clothing, these Up and At 'Em Boys had to wrap themselves in blankets and jump about to keep somewhere near warm in the biting cold of the night.

"If nothing happens to-night, are you going to try again?" whispered Joe.

"As often as possible," replied Frank, "unless we get at the bottom of this queer matter in some other way."

"Bz-z-zt!" came a quick warning from Hal that put every one of them on the alert.

They listened intently.

Yes, sure enough, there was a faint sound of steel whizzing over the ice.

But, in a minute, it was much louder and coming nearer.

"It's the pirate ice boat!" quivered Jackets.

Of that there could be but little doubt, since there were but three on the river.

"Do you want to pursue, as it goes by?" Frank asked the Bradford officer.

The policeman shook his head, explaining:

"That wouldn't do much good, Manley. It'll be worth more, if it's worth anything at all, to catch 'em coming back."

Frank turned to his chums, as they crowded about to hear the decision.

"We may have a long wait," muttered Frank. "However, thank goodness, we know that they're out to-night."

The stormy looking sky overhead was almost jet black.

The Woodstock ice craft, lying there in the cove, was not visible at a distance of more than two hundred feet, as the boys knew from having tried.

But now the pirate boat was almost opposite them. It was running in fairly close to this side of the river, too.

"Will they see our white sails?" wondered Frank.

As for the youngsters, they themselves were in dark clothing that could not be seen far in their black surroundings.

Whir-rr-rr-rr!

The strange ice craft was passing them now. The watchers started, and wondered whether they saw her, dimly, or only thought they did.

"I don't believe they can see us, unless they're looking mighty hard for us," muttered Frank.

Anyway, the strange craft was by, now, and they heard her whirring on a tack over to the Bradford side of the river.

A little more, and the noise of the runners ceased.

"Either they've stopped near, or have got out of hearing," declared Frank.

"Anyway," enthused Joe, "the waiting won't seem such cold work now."

"Better get aboard, all hands," hinted Frank. "It will be colder staying still in the boat, but we can't afford to make a slow start when we go after that craft."

The minutes dragged slowly as they remained all at their stations—Manley with one hand on the easy tiller, Jackets with the sheets in his hand, the policeman with the cords in his hands that controlled the lamp covers, and Hal and Joe out on the cross-beam.

"Half an hour since she went by," announced Frank, at last, consulting his watch.

"Seems like a week," grimaced Joe.

"Bz-z-z-zt!"

Hal's quick ear had again been the first to catch the sound. After a few seconds more there could be no mistaking the sound of the ice boat's runners nearer!

Every nerve was on edge now, with the watchers. Manley, though he looked cool as he stood with his right hand resting over the tiller, was tingling inwardly with the excitement of this wonderfully novel chase.

Whirr-rr-rr! Coming nearer was the mysterious craft. Almost abeam, now.

And now, at last, the other craft was squarely opposite them, travelling at dizzying speed and less than four hundred feet away.

They could not see her, these watchers on the Woodstock boat, but their alert senses told them just about how far away the pirate craft was.

"In with the sheets!" called Manley, sharply.

Jackets, even in his excitement, did not forget to watch Manley's slowly moving left hand and its signals.

The Bradford policeman, just as the Woodstock boat began to move, yanked at the cords in his hand.

Off came the lamp covers—out streamed the bright light. It fell fully athwart the stranger.



Frank realized, with a quick thrill, that it was the craft of the other dark morning.

"Dished! There's the sneak!" yelled some one aboard the pirate boat. Then the sound of voices was drowned in the combined clatter that the two flying craft made.

It was a stern chase, in a jiffy. And, from the boat ahead came the megaphone call:

"Back, unless you want to be killed. We mean business!"

Like a flash Bradford's officer had a megaphone at his mouth.

"So do we mean business!" he shouted. "I'm a police officer. Hold up and let us see what you look like."

"Go back, or we fire in a second."

"Stop, in the name of the law!"

Crack! Crack!

Two bullets sped backwards, directed by fairly good aim. Plainly enough those ahead did mean business, for the bullets sped by the policeman's ears.

Then came a louder volley, that made Hal and Joe out on the cross-beam duck in livelier fashion.

"Keep your eyes on my signals, Jackets!" roared Frank, above the din, as he saw the officer dive for a rifle that lay in the bottom of the cockpit.

It was a repeater. The man from Bradford opened fire without excitement, but he kept shooting steadily at the three figures in the pirate craft, now less than an eighth of a mile away, but scudding desperately.

Two men of the three ahead were still firing, more slowly, but also more accurately. It was one of the myteries of battle that, up to the present moment, no one in the Woodstock boat had been hit.

"They're heading for shore!" quivered Frank, as he saw the pirate go off on a new tack to port. "Two can do that!"

It was on a long oblique that the other craft made for the shore. Going at full speed and hitting the shore full on would cause an utter wreck.

But Frank, as he watched and steered and signalled Jackets, watched closely the maneuvers of those in the boat ahead.

Only one of the trio was firing now, but he seemed trying desperately hard to hit one of the pursuers.

"Now!" quivered Manley, as he saw the helmsman ahead luff up into the wind's eye, then tack under slow headway for the shore.

The pirate's nose slid into a snowbank and stopped.

But Manley, not a whit behind, had run his own boat ashore by a similar maneuver, and now he and his friends were piling out.

Not more than two hundred feet separated the two parties. Woodstock searchlights lit up the scene brightly there at the river edge of the woods.

"Up with your hands, there—and quick!" shouted the policeman, who had slipped half a dozen more cartridges into his rifle and now covered the strangers as they leaped from their own boat.

"Get back there!" ordered the pirate's helmsman, as he took aim with his revolver. "Boys, they've got only one gun

in that crowd. Give them their finish, if they try to come on."

"They'll get it!" growled one of the wretches, as he brought his rifle to his shoulder.

Crack! The Bradford policeman had fired, striking squarely the pistol of the other crowd's leader.

The force of the shot carried the weapon from his hand, besides wrecking the weapon.

"Shoot, quick, boys!" appealed the leader of this desperate crew. "We can't afford to be taken red-handed!"

So, apparently, thought the other two.

They dropped to their knees, opening fire at once at close range.

"Up and At 'Em Boys out on the flank!" shouted Manley, over the din of the exploding cartridges. "We'll get around them and rush in as soon as their guns are empty!"

Even as the youngsters started Bradford's policeman lurched forward on his face.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GHOST OF THE WOODS.

Officer Hayes, of Bradford, was by no means out of the fight.

He fired slowly, but deliberately and regularly.

After falling, his first shot brought a yell from one of the kneeling enemies.

At that yell the other threw down his rifle and sent his hands up in the air.

"Come and get us," he bawled, in token of surrender.

Hayes darted up, rushing forward.

But, as he did so, the leader of the trio, who had fired two shots with his revolver, turned and darted into the woods behind.

"Never mind him!" shouted Manley. "We'll get him!"

The Up and At 'Em Boys, who had been circling around the flank, now made a dash in through the bare bushes.

They had him in sight for a moment. Then he passed out of their range of vision.

At every step, however, the fugitive left his trail behind in the snow.

"Follow his tracks," laughed Frank. "It won't be difficult for trained runners to catch up with that fellow."

"But if he turns to fire?" suggested cautious Hal.

"Well, we'll take care of that when it happens," replied Manley, quietly.

Gain on the fugitive they did, for just ahead, and not much more than a hundred feet in the lead, they caught sight of the fugitive just going over a rise in the ground.

Then, for a twinkling, as he went down the other side of the rise, they lost sight of him.

Then, all at once, the sprinting Up and At 'Em Boys found themselves up against a conundrum.

For they stood at the side of a shallow little stream that flowed into the river.



Now its surface was smoothly frozen over. There was not snow enough on the ice to retain a footprint that could be discerned in the dark night.

Nor was there any print in the snow on the further bank of the creek.

Though the boys listened, for an instant, there was not any sound.

"A ghost, and vanished in thin air," quivered Frank. "Fellows, we'll do our best to get the clothes that ghost wore. Joe, you and Jackets follow the ice upstream. Come with me, Hal."

The searchers, thus divided, followed on the creek ice in both directions.

Frank and Hal came quickly out on the river.

They had not found a sign of their man.

"We'll try our lights, then," suggested Frank, quickly.

They raced up to the ice boat, jumping in. Frank, setting the lights to shine in four directions at once, gathered the sheets in his hand, and away they glided.

Down the river a half mile, then up the river for nearly a mile they went.

Their "ghost" had vanished completely enough.

So Frank ran back to where the others waited.

Joe and Jackets, back from their useless pursuit, were now curiously looking over the cargo of the strangers' ice boat.

"Whew!" grimaced Prescott. "Talk about loot! Just feel of these sacks, Frank."

Bending over the ice boat's cockpit, Frank felt curiously over the outside of one of four large sacks that lay there.

"Feels like silverware," he declared.

"And burglars don't bother to steal plated stuff. Whew! There must be a very tidy fortune here in silver stuff."

"Mr. Hayes may want a little help in his business," smiled Frank, turning to look at the Bradford policeman.

That officer was standing guard, with cocked rifle, over two hard-looking wretches.

Both were on their knees in the snow—one with his hands still up and the other nursing a bullet hole in his left shoulder.

"Take the handcuffs out of my hip-pocket, and join these two yeggmen together, will you?" asked the officer.

This was quickly done, and the prisoners, now handcuffed together, had little show of running away successfully if they escaped attention for a moment.

"Going to look at the stuff in the boat?" asked Frank.

"Sure," retorted the policeman. "What do you think I'm here for?"

Leaving Joe to stand by the prisoners, Frank helped the policeman to untie one of the sacks.

It was filled with costly pieces of table silverware.

"Some fine old place has been looted," grunted the policeman. "And say!" as he drew out a candlestick and held it up. "I believe I can name the house this was taken from. See that initial 'W'? That stands for Warrenton, I'll bet a month's pay! Warrenton has a fine country place a little over a mile from here. Here, you yeggmen," turn-

ing to the prisoners, "did you make this haul at Warrenton's?"

"Don't know nothing about it," growled one of the wounded men.

"Oh, you don't, eh? Well, you'll limber up in your memory later!"

"See here," interjected Frank, "do you imagine that these four sacks represent all the silver stuff at Warrenton's?"

"Hardly," retorted the policeman. "I've heard it said that the Warrenton silver, if melted down, would be worth ten thousand just as old junks of silver."

"Then, as we overhauled this same gang on the river yesterday, don't you suppose they had a cargo, then?"

"I'd be surprised if they didn't."

"Then we ought to try to find where they've taken what they've already gotten away with."

"We'll have to find a way to make those yeggmen talk," whispered Hayes, meaningly.

"Yeggmen" are the working men of crime, the minor toughs who usually carry out the orders of criminals of a higher class.

But Jackets, who had been looking over the two prisoners closely, hurried up to Frank, his eyes shining with excitement.

"I believe I know where these wretches have been hanging out," he whispered, eagerly. "That fellow that was wounded I saw yesterday afternoon when I was out trying to find who else on this river had an ice boat. I was just in time to see him coming out of an old house. He acted as if he lived there."

"Where?" demanded Frank. "What kind of a house?"

"Hardly more than a quarter of a mile from here. It's an old, ramshackle house that stands in the woods a little way from the road."

"It may be where they've been storing stuff," whispered Hayes, looking eagerly at Frank.

"I think that's the answer," nodded Frank. "And, if we don't get there at once, that fellow who escaped from us may get other stolen stuff away."

"This is hard luck," muttered the policeman. "We can't leave the prisoners; we can't leave the stuff here, and we can't leave your fine ice boat. Yet we ought to get to that house at once."

"That will be easy enough," laughed Frank. "Just hand that rifle of yours to Joe. Everything that we leave here will be here when we get back—unless Joe's stone, cold dead. That's Joe's way when he's left in care of anything. And we'd better hurry up, if you like my idea."

Hayes quickly assented. Joe received the rifle grimly. Then the others hurried off in the wake of Jackets.

The little fellow led them through the woods a little way, until they came to a road. Now, all four broke into a slow trot.

"There's the old house," quivered Jackets, as he showed them a clearing with an old house at the further edge. "Light inside, and smoke coming out of the chimney. Looks as if some one were at home."



Hayes led them up on tiptoe. The boys surrounded the house loosely, while the officer approached and knocked.

Receiving no answer, he broke a window, thrust his hand in, slipped the catch, raised the sash, and stepped inside.

He reappeared, opening a door.

"Don't seem to be any one at home," he chuckled. In his hand he held a lighted lantern that he had found.

"Then our men left a light going, so that passing hoboos wouldn't break in for a night's lodging," guessed Manley.

They stepped into a kitchen, finding the warmth there mighty agreeable after the long stay out in the cold night.

"Going to melt the silver, all right," muttered Manley, pointing to a big iron kettle that stood on the floor near the stove.

Beyond a table and three chairs, there was nothing else in the squalid old kitchen.

"They were ready to begin to-night when they got back," declared Hal, looking the stove over and peering into it as he raised the lids. "This is a mighty hot fire, and yet they had dampered it so that it wouldn't all burn out before they got here."

"But this isn't finding the other silverware, if there's any in the place," interposed the practical Jackets.

There being but one lantern, they ransacked the place together, beginning with the cellar. Yet, as they ascended through the tumbling old house their hopes fell.

Not even the attic revealed any of the looked-for plunder.

They were about to go down again, disappointed, when Frank, who had been looking all about him, pointed to one end of the attic.

"Beyond there is the kitchen ell," he suggested. "Now, there must be a little attic over the ell, but there's no way of getting to it. Bring the light over here."

Frank had walked toward the end of the attic. Now he stood looking at the rough boards in the wall.

Of a sudden he tried to wrench one of the boards away. It came, easily, and he pulled away three or four more.

"I thought so!" uttered Manley, as he took the lantern and thrust it into the little attic over the kitchen that stood revealed. "And here are four sacks."

"Great!" cheered Hayes, jumping into the breach. He ripped away a few more boards, feverishly.

Then they all piled in, crowding around the sacks, and feeling of their contents.

"This is what we were looking for," clicked Frank. "I reckon we've got about everything, now, except the red-headed and red-bearded fellow in spectacles who steered the pirate boat."

"It's the biggest find I ever made," trembled Hayes, who could no longer conceal his exultation over this great police catch. "Boys, I don't know how to thank you for putting me on the track of a big thing like this."

"It's a good deal more important," smiled Frank, "to find a way to get this loot down to Bradford. Jackets, will you run to the first house where there's a stable, wake the man up and tell him that Officer Hayes wants a horse and wagon? Scoot!"

Nor did Winston wait for any urging. He was off and

away before the policeman had time to decide that this was a good plan.

Frank, Hal and the policeman moved the four heavy sacks down to the ground floor, then waited until Jackets returned with a man, horse and wagon.

And so the stuff was toted down to the shore, where Joe still held cold but vigilant watch.

This new addition to the loot was stored in the Woodstock boat.

Then, with Joe sailing the pirate craft, a quick trip was made to Bradford.

Hayes and a brother policeman jumped into a sleigh, driving rapidly out to the Warrenton place.

Dousing their lights, and leaving the boat securely tied at the Bradford dock, Frank and his friends waited in the warmth of the Bradford police station.

It was an hour before Hayes and his comrade were back, utterly puzzled.

"That was the Warrenton silver we got, all right," he reported to Frank. "But how in blazes the thieves ever got it is more than I can understand. There's a butler and his wife and a groom living on the place. The Warrentons are in the city for the winter. But the butler and his crew have seen no thieves. And the butler took me down in a cellar and showed me the great vault where the silver is stored. Why, it's a place that would take a lot of dynamite to crack open. Yet the door of the vault is closed and locked, same as ever it was. The butler was the most paralyzed man I ever saw when I showed him the piece of silverware and told him we had eight sacks of it here. He's coming down here as soon as the groom can get a horse ready. We'll telegraph Warrenton to come down here from town. He'll open the vault and see what's been doing."

"As that won't happen until to-morrow," smiled Frank, yawning drowsily, "I believe we'll get home and get some sleep."

The boys hurried away. They would have been greatly puzzled, and full of guesses as to the crimes of the ice pirates, had they not been so drowsy that they could hardly keep their eyes open.

They lighted their searchlights, hauled in the sheets, and got away, Manly speeding the craft for all it was worth.

Two or three times, as they sped along, Hal, out on the windward cross-beam, had to catch himself from falling to the ice, so sleepy was he.

Two miles below Bradford they got a surprise that woke all four instantly.

From the hills to the left of them sounded a faint crack. It was followed by the song of a bullet just astern of them.

"Jupiter!" jumped Frank. "That's no accidental shot."

"It's our red-haired friend!" quivered Joe.

Crack! Another shot, the bullet coming just a shade closer to the youngsters in the ice boat's cockpit.

"It's a sharpshooter doing that work," quivered Manley, crouching low as the others did. He has only our lights to guide him, and he's (Crack! Another bullet sped by them) gauging the location of this cockpit and aiming in



the dark at that. (Crack!) Jupiter, but that fellow (Crack!) knows how to shoot!"

Seven shots in all were fired, and in quick succession. Four came within six or seven feet of the cockpit, and all aimed low.

Then the trim, splendid little racing craft sped on out of range.

Four very sleepy boys got the boat into its shed at Woodstock, then went to their homes to dream of more pirates than ever sailed under Captain Kidd!

## CHAPTER V.

### A SHARPSHOOTER ON THE WARPATH!

"It's the quickest, luckiest, most complete thing I ever heard of," Hal rambled on, excitedly, as he and Manley skated up the river the afternoon following.

They were out together, Jackets flying along an eighth of a mile ahead of them.

Joe was off on some other part of the river with his boxing pal, Lon Humphrey. These two had come to be known as the Biff Twins.

The ice boat was out this afternoon under the captaincy of Dick Foster. With him were Cranston and Lucas, the three being known as the Trouble Trio, on account of the persistency with which these three hunted trouble and the frequency with which they found it.

"The two yeggmen caught won't say a word," mused Frank, aloud. "The two yeggmen can't be made to whisper a word, though the Bradford police have tried all the tricks of the 'Third Degree' that they know."

"I'd like to have seen Mr. Warrenton's surprise," chuckled Hal.

"Yes; Hayes told me, over the telephone, that Warrenton opened the vault and nearly fainted. His precious plate was almost half cleaned out. But, with what we recovered, there isn't a single piece missing now."

"He's going to ship the plate to New York, isn't he?" asked Hal.

"Yes; some of it goes to-day. But it's plain that some one knew the combination, and opened the vault while the servants slept. Yet Mr. Warrenton swears that no one outside of himself knew the combination."

"He must have been sleep-walking, then, and robbed himself," hinted Hal, smilingly.

"But Warrenton is not young, and he hasn't red hair and beard."

"It's a puzzle," sighed Hal.

"It doesn't matter so much, now that all the plate has been recovered."

"I hope Warrenton doesn't change his mind about paying a reward," said Hal.

"There isn't much likelihood that he will forget. Hayes tells me that Warrenton is a queer old chap, and sometimes as crusty as sin, but that he's liberal to a fault."

The promise of reward was hovering in the air. Mr. Warrenton, as soon as he had learned how his plate had been saved, had declared promptly that he would not forget the services of the Up and At 'Em Boys.

"But how did he come to do such a foolish thing as to leave so much plate in an empty country house?" queried Hal.

"Why, all hands were coming up to-morrow to get ready for a big country wedding Saturday night," Frank replied. "Warrenton's nephew, a young fellow named Rawson, very wealthy, is to be married to a girl, also rich, named Katherine Nelson."

"Same name as your sweetheart," mused Hal, as they skated on up the ice.

"Miss Dunstan and her father have an invitation to the wedding," replied Frank. "So, for that matter, have I."

"You?" echoed Hal.

"Yes; Kitty asked to have an invitation sent me."

"Going?" Hal asked, curiously.

"Guess!" smiled Frank. "What could I do there? I don't own a dress-suit."

"If Warrenton talks reward quickly enough," laughed Hal, "you can afford one."

"Weddings are out of my line," said Frank, briefly.

"Bet you haven't told Kitty Dunstan that!"

"You're getting me away from my story," interrupted Frank. "The silver was stored in the vault to be used at the bridal supper Saturday night."

"Now, I understand what seemed like a piece of plain idiocy."

"Rawson is there now, with his uncle, and bending every effort to get a clew in the matter," went on Frank. "And Miss Nelson and her mother are at a hotel in Bradford."

"And they can't get a single thread of a clew as to who the mysterious Fiery Locks is?" persisted Hal.

"Not a glimmer of an idea, for old Warrenton swears that not a soul but himself had even a hint as to the combination of the vault lock."

"Well, the thing's over, so far as we're concerned," uttered Hal.

Then he added, slyly:

"All over—that is, except paying the reward."

Crack!

From a hilltop at their right, as they skated up the river, came the faint report of a distant rifle.

They would have paid no heed to it, but two or three seconds later something struck the ice less than ten feet ahead of Manley.

Zudd! it zipped out on the air. Then a sharp whang! Something flew by Manley's face with a sharp whizz-zz-ew!

"That infernal sharpshooter again!" quivered Frank, bending low and scooting forward fast.

Another shot pursued him, going between him and Hal, and about head-high, the sharp, hissing song of the bullet making the flesh of both youngsters creep.

"He'll hit some one, if he isn't more careful!" shivered Hal.

But just then a third bullet struck so close to one of



Spofford's skates as to take all the nonsense out of that youngster.

Crack! A fourth shot from that distant hilltop, and Manley staggered on his skates, all but falling.

He recovered himself with an effort, skating madly on.

He had not been hit, but the projectile had gone in front of his face, so close as to fan him with its breeze.

It was the shock of dread that had caused him to start back, almost upsetting himself.

Then came two shots close together, the balls coming uncomfortably close, yet not with the same accuracy as before.

Manley had headed for the shore, and now he gained the shelter of some tall, bare-poled trees that hid him from the view of the hidden marksman.

"Confound the fellow!" blazed Hal, the pallor of dread giving way, now, to the red of wrath. "He shot at us last night, and he tries it again this afternoon. Is he going to keep it up?"

"It looks like it," uttered Frank, with more coolness in his voice than he felt.

"He must be ugly!"

"I suppose he is," retorted Frank, "when we spoiled his plans of melting fifty thousand dollars' worth of silver plate down to ten thousand dollars' worth of silver bullion."

"There'll have to be a stop put to his performances," raged Hal. "I don't want to have folks weeping over my grave just because some crook is mad over my being on the side of law and order."

"As far off as our sharpshooter was," conjectured Manley, "he must be provided with a mighty good pair of field-glasses, or he wouldn't know he was shooting at the right parties."

"If any one thinks I'm the right party to shoot at," retorted Hal, with a sickly grin, "I'm going to file a kick: Frank, we've got to trail that fellow down!"

"All right," assented Manley, cheerfully. "I see just one way to do it. That would be to distribute the Up and At 'Em Boys through the hills around here where our sharpshooter would be most likely to hide. Then you and I could skate back and forth in plain view, drawing his fire, while our friends tried to locate him."

Hal stared at his chum, wholly flabbergasted.

"That's a bully plan, Frank!" he blazed. "Skate out there for an expert marksman to try his luck on, while others are patiently trying to locate him by the sound of his rifle!"

"Well, can you suggest any other way to catch the fellow at his tricks?"

Hal gave a queer little shiver, but shook his head.

"It's the only plan that would work, Frank. I see that. But we'd surely be potted before our friends trailed the sharpshooter."

"Then the scheme is off?" laughed Manley.

"It'll have to be—in winter, when flowers come so high," retorted Spofford, with an odd little shiver.

"I'm going to have another try, anyway," muttered Frank, shaking his head.

"What?"

"I'm going out and see if I can draw another shot from the fellow."

"Frank Manley, are you crazy?"

"No; but I'm curious. I want to make up my mind whether the fellow is one of the patient kind who'll camp on the same spot until dark."

"Then I'll go with you," uttered Hal, resignedly.

"If you dare to stir away from where you're standing now, I give you my solemn word that I'll thrash you!" threatened Manley. "Now, remember—stay where you are!"

With that, Frank headed speedily out for the center of the river, while Hal watched, with a feeling that amounted almost to illness.

But Frank moved in a zig-zag line that would increase the difficulty of hitting him.

Crack! The unseen marksman was still up there. He missed Manley by some ten feet on that shot.

But a second shot followed that hit the ice, driving a small chunk almost into the young athlete's mouth.

"Come back here, you lunatic!" roared Hal, frantically.

But Frank needed no advice. He was heading swiftly for the shelter of the bare trees at the shore.

"He's patient, and determined," muttered Frank, as he stopped at his chum's side. "That's no ordinary Winchester or Remington that he's shooting with, either; it's a military gun, or it wouldn't carry so far and accurately. He's using smokeless powder, too, for there wasn't a sign of a puff of smoke on that hilltop."

"You took a heap of trouble to observe things," growled Hal.

"I had to. I want to know something about the fellow who's gunning for our lives. And even knowledge about the kind of weapon he uses may be useful."

"If he doesn't have the luck to get one of us before we can spoil his game," grumbled Spofford.

"Well, what are we going to do now?"

"I feel comfortable where I am, until it's dark enough to skate down the river," grinned Hal.

"But that means that we're going to let this rascal keep us off the ice after this," remonstrated Frank.

"Well, do you hanker after the ice while that fellow's at large in the woods?"

Frank smiled, but decided to wait where he was for the present.

"Yet, if the fellow doesn't see us out on the ice, he may decide to come nearer for a good shot," hinted our hero.

Hal started, peering into the woods just past them.

"Ugh!" he grumbled.

Frank looked at his watch.

"Hal, I'm going to wait just five minutes, and then skate out again, to see if the fellow is still playing his waiting game."

"No, you don't!" Spofford quickly objected. "Share and share alike. I'll go out the next time."

Frank nodded, holding his watch in his hand.

"Now," said Manley, at last.

Hal was out and off, like a streak.



But he was quickly back. Two bullets struck the ice close to him, while a third sang over his head to the shore beyond.

"That fellow'll win, if he keeps at work as steadily as that!" cried Hal, disconcertedly, as he reached safety beside his chum. "What's your watch out for this time?"

"I'm going to wait ten minutes for him to go away, this time, and then I'll try the game once more."

"Don't you think we've had about enough of it?" grunted Spofford.

But Manley shook his head.

As they waited, they saw a half dozen Bradford boys skating up from Woodstock way. Frank opened his mouth to call to them, then changed his mind.

The skaters called out in greeting, waving their hands in salute.

Frank and Hal returned the greetings, then watched the Bradford youngsters skate safely by.

"It's just us fellows that that sneak with the rifle wants," muttered Frank. "Well, the time's up. Here goes for a try!"

He was out on the ice like a streak of forked lightning, taking every maneuver that could possibly spoil the aim of the unknown.

No shots following, Frank skated more easily, yet closely watching that distant hilltop.

"He's gone—given it up, I guess," called Hal, skating out to his chum.

"If he has given up, it's probably for to-day only, and because it's getting near dark," Manley answered.

They skated slowly down the river, discussing their queer adventure.

As they neared the dock at Woodstock, Kitty Dunstan skated up to our hero, while Hal went off on a slide to meet Grace Scott.

"My dear," proposed Kitty, "I shall look for you to take me up the ice to-morrow afternoon, if you have time."

"Not if I know it!" retorted Frank, with so much energy that Kitty looked at him in great surprise.

Then our hero told her, quietly, what had happened.

Kit Dunstan was not the sort of girl to faint, or to make a fuss of any kind, but she paled while listening to the recital.

"Frank, dear," she begged, in a whisper, as they skated slowly together, "you'll be careful, won't you?"

"Yes; but I've got to find a way to get that fellow, if possible."

"Of course; I understand that," replied Kit, without a tremor.

"Here come the Trouble Trio, in the ice boat!" cried Frank, as he caught sight of the racer flying down the ice. "And Foster is waving at me. He wants me for something."

Hand-in-hand, he and Kitty Dunstan skated over to where the ice boat was making a graceful stop.

"I heard firing this afternoon," began Dick, quickly. "Was any one shooting your way?"

"Either shooting at Hal and myself, or else the fellow

was too reckless to be trusted with a gun," answered Frank, smiling lightly.

"That's what we thought when we heard the reports," went on Dick, eagerly. "So we ran into shore, we three, and started for that hill."

"See here," uttered Manley, quickly, "you don't want to go hunting that kind of trouble. That rascal is long on shooting, and you'll be short on life, if you don't look out."

"Oh, I guess we got on his nerves a little," chuckled Foster, while Cranston and Lucas grinned. "You see, we separated, and went prowling up that hill. We heard him fire twice after the first time. Well, we were going up the hill just after the third firing."

"Did you get a look at him?" interrupted Manley, quickly.

"No; but I had the luck to get close enough to hear the fellow moving through the brush."

"What did you do?"

"Ran toward him as fast as I could, shouting orders as if I had about two hundred fellows behind me. I told 'em to spread out and we'd get our man. Jimminy, but he raced through the brush! I after him. Cranston and Lucas were too far away to be any use. That fellow with the gun can run, too! I didn't get close to him once. By and by I heard a noise and heard him cry out. Sounded as if he had tripped and fell. I reckon he did trip, but he was up and off like a greyhound. But he left his gun behind—and I've got that much to show for my yarn!"

Groping down under the blankets in the bottom of the cockpit, Foster brought to light and handed out a rifle.

It was a Winchester repeater of the army model—a weapon made to order as the gold mountings and elaborate chasings showed.

But Frank, as he took the gun in his own hands, started back with a cry.

"This goes almost past belief!" he shouted, pointing to the butt of the weapon.

"What is it?" cried Kitty, eagerly, as he stared at the richly chased butt.

"See that engraved letter?" demanded Manley, his voice thrilling. "That 'W' is in exactly the same design that was on the stolen silver! That rifle was in the Warrenton house this morning. I'm not guessing at that, either, for Hayes told me about having seen the rifle in Mr. Warrenton's own room."

"Then, what——" began Kitty, wonderingly, while the Trouble Trio looked on in eager silence.

"I don't know what it all means," quivered Frank. "It makes the puzzle all the deeper. But I'll solve it yet!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HIDDEN HAND STRIKES HARD.

"I've been trying for an hour to get hold of you, Manley. Don't think that I have forgotten the great service that you and your friends have done me. I never forget a good act!"



"I hadn't thought anything of the sort, sir," Frank answered through the 'phone.

"I am rushed—you have no idea how busy I am. But just as soon as I have a moment to spare I am coming over to see you. By the way, I believe you have an invitation to my nephew's wedding?"

"Yes, sir."

"Extend the same to your chums, please. If you come, you will all be royally welcome! My nephew's wedding is to be an event worthy of so splendid a young fellow, and worthy of such a girl as he has won. Manley, I shall see you soon—somehow. Until then, thank you from the bottom of my heart. Good-by!"

Frank hung up the receiver and turned, with a queer smile, to Spofford.

"And that, Hal, from the man who seems to be the only one who could have looted his own plate vault! The man whose rifle was taken from his room for the purpose of assassinating us. The man whom we ought to suspect of knowing something about the effort to kill us!"

"What do you make of it all?" asked Hal, knitting his brows.

"I can't make anything of it yet, but I shall, old fellow. If all else fails—why, by the Great Dewey, we'll go to that wedding and keep our eyes open!"

They were in the little summer cottage up past the first bend in the river, the cottage that in winter served the boys as a clubhouse for their ice sports.

Frank and Hal had gone up the ice as soon as the academy closed for the afternoon.

They had skated all the way to Bradford and back, in the risky effort to determine whether the unknown sharpshooter still entertained the hope of picking them off by way of revenge.

But not a sound of a shot had been heard.

"Either the rascal has given it up, or else he's waiting for a new rifle," Frank declared.

Then the chums skated down to the clubhouse.

They entered just as the telephone bell was ringing as a part of Mr. Warrenton's efforts to get word of thanks to Manley and his comrades in the chase after the pirate ice boat.

"If the thing drops here," said Hal, presently, "we'll never know the answer to the riddle."

"It won't drop here," predicted Manley, positively. "See here, Hal, if our unknown were of the quitter kind, he wouldn't have gone as far as he has gone. There is more in this mystery than we can make good guesses at. There's some good reason, according to this unknown's way of seeing it, why we ought to be punished. If he feels that way, a fellow with all the nerve that he's got isn't going to stop all of a sudden."

Hal was thoughtful for a few moments. Then he picked up his skates.

"Grace will be looking for me," he explained. "Going back to town?"

"Not quite yet, old fellow. But run along. Don't keep the right kind of a girl waiting!"

The cottage was deserted when Manley left. His skates slung over his arm, he did not go toward the ice.

Kitty had expressed a wish for some evergreens for decorations. On his way home Manley meant to gather them.

By the road it was about a mile and a quarter to Woodstock. The grove in which the evergreens were to be gathered was but a few steps from the road.

Glancing at his watch, Frank decided that he ought to be home within twenty-five minutes.

"Just a short, good, brisk stroll—the very thing for an appetite for supper," he smiled, as he strode briskly off to the road.

Never had he walked in better time than he did now. His mind was free from worry for the time being, and his thoughts wholly on the coming ice-boat regatta.

"Our rig is good, and we carry every inch of sail that we can with anything like safety," thought Manley. "The Bradford boys have had their boat so far up the river that we haven't had a chance to see her rig. Yet, from what I hear, the Bradford boat ought to be no speedier than our own craft."

He had come to the point in the road where it was necessary to step off into the forest for the evergreens.

In the darkness he had not noted the figure ahead that had hurried into the forest in the same direction.

The figure gained the shelter of the evergreen trees just a little ahead of the young athlete.

Whistling briskly, Frank stepped onward.

"I'll make home within the time set," he murmured to himself. "Then——"

An arm shot out behind him. A missile flew through the air; a stone struck Frank in the back of the head.

He whirled around, dizzily.

"You coward!" roared Manley. "I'll pay you for that!"

He heard some one crashing through the brush ahead, but could not see who it was.

"It must have been that same wretch!" gasped Frank.

Desperately angry, he put on his best spurt of speed.

He reached the road, stopping to listen for an instant for the sound of moving feet.

"Oh, my head!" moaned the young athlete, suddenly, putting his hands up.

Then he reeled, pitching head foremost in the snow at the side of the road.

There he lay, not stirring. The minutes dragged by, but Manley did not stir.

A pair of horses, drawing a big, handsome Russian sleigh, came smartly down the road from the direction of Woodstock.

On came the horses, the nearer one shying a bit as it caught sight of the still object in the road.

"What's the matter with you, you brute?" called the coachman, rebukingly. He was about to lay the whip on when he caught sight of the dark object lying in the road, and reined up.

"What's wrong, James?" called a sweet voice from back in the sleigh.



"Drunken man lying in the road, miss."

"Oh! Why, the poor fellow will freeze to death in the road on a night like this. I must see him."

At a bound a young woman sprang from the sleigh. She was quickly on her knees at Frank's side.

"Why, this isn't any drunken man, James!" she cried, as blood from the back of Frank's head crimsoned her white gloves. "He's almost a boy, and very well dressed, and—oh, he's hurt!"

The coachman was now at her side, while a middle-aged woman from the sleigh added a host of questions.

"There's just one thing to do," said the young woman, very decisively. "We don't know how badly this young man is hurt, but there's a good hospital at Bradford. We must take him there. Mamma, you don't mind?"

"Mind, child?" echoed the elder woman. "Of course not. It is the only thing to do."

So James lifted the unconscious figure into the sleigh, the young woman sitting on the seat facing her mother and directing that Frank be placed on the seat beside her. She threw both arms around him, directing the driver to wrap him warmly in the heavy fur robes.

"And now to Bradford, as quickly as you can get, James," she ordered.

Mile after mile of the way was covered, the young woman, who was tall, very good-looking and expensively dressed, watching Manley's closed eyes all the while.

Just before they reached Bradford, those eyelids began to flutter. Then Frank opened his eyes, taking a look around him.

"Oh, do you know where you are?" cried the young woman.

"Yes," answered Frank, steadily.

"Do you know who you are yourself?"

"Why, of course," answered the young athlete, slowly, "I am Frank Manley."

"Frank Manley?" the young woman screamed. "Why, how wonderful! We had just driven over to Woodstock to see if we could find you. I wanted to thank you for having saved the Warrenton plate, which, perhaps, will be mine one of these days. I am Miss Nelson—Katherine Nelson."

"Then it was odd that you should have found me," smiled Frank.

Miss Nelson explained where and how they had encountered him.

"And I believe," muttered Frank, "that it was the thief who struck me down in such cowardly fashion."

"Then you are hurt just because you have served us all?" cried Miss Nelson, very tenderly.

In her emotion she drew Frank a little closer to her, and that reminded her, for the first time, that she was holding the young athlete in her arms.

She let go, a little confusedly, and Frank silently proved to her that, by holding at the side of the sleigh, he was quite able to sit unaided.

"We were going to take you to the hospital," she added.

"Not at all necessary," smiled Frank. "All I need is a

chance to wash away the blood where that something struck me."

"Then you shall do so at our rooms. To the hotel, James!"

Hence it happened that Frank found himself walking through the corridors of the finest hotel in the place, and all the while leaning on the arm of Katherine Nelson, who insisted upon rendering that much aid.

Then he found himself in their suite of apartments, and Mrs. Nelson took in hand the washing and binding up of Manley's wound.

"I don't need a bandage," he smilingly assured her. "I prefer to let the air get at the wound and heal it."

"But at least keep the bandage on for a few minutes," begged the good woman. "And now sit down, please. We wish to have a good, long look at that very remarkable young man, Frank Manley."

So Frank seated himself, while the two women talked to him and plied him with almost innumerable questions about himself, his club, and his life in general.

"Why, it's too bad we can't see that regatta, mamma," cried the girl. "But, then, we shall be so very busy getting ready for the wedding. Mr. Manley, you don't know my betrothed, Mr. Rawson?"

"I never have had the pleasure of meeting him, Miss Nelson."

"Oh, but I wish you could! I know that you two would like each other so! He's such a big, manly, sweet-natured, splendid fellow. But, of course, I must admit that I'm prejudiced," she added, with a laugh.

There was a knock at the door, and, in response to the invitation to enter, a tall, well-built, dark-haired, jovial-looking young man entered.

In an instant Katherine Nelson was on her feet, running toward the newcomer. Frank's back was turned toward him.

"Oh, Ronald!" called the girl, delightedly, "you are just in time."

"I'm glad of that, dear!" laughed the young man.

"There is some one here whom I want you to meet—Frank Manley."

"Frank Manley?" echoed Ronald Rawson.

He appeared to be mightily surprised, but came forward, his hand outstretched, as our hero rose and turned to meet him.

Then Ronald Rawson had to listen to an account of how some thug had just made a dastardly attempt upon Frank's life.

Rawson listened with concern and interest, though it was plain that he would have preferred being alone with his sweetheart.

"You don't mind my smoking?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Nelson, as he drew a cigar from his pocket.

Receiving Mrs. Nelson's permission, he lighted his cigar, and went into the next room to dispose of the match.

"What do you think of him?" whispered Miss Nelson, her eyes shining.



"He's a splendid big fellow," voiced Manley. "I don't wonder at your opinion of him."

"What has become of your maid, Katherine?" asked Rawson, coming back, presently.

"She was in all afternoon, guarding my jewels as if with her life," laughed Miss Nelson. "As soon as we came back I told her to go out for a little walk."

Then, turning to our hero, Miss Nelson rattled on:

"It's rather unusual, of course, to have the wedding at the bridegroom's home. Truth to tell, neither Ronald nor I have a home. Mamma and I have been traveling for years. Ronald hasn't a home either, unless you could call rooms at a club a home. That is why we are to be married at his uncle's."

She went on chatting freely to Frank. Rawson sauntered out of the rooms, though he soon returned.

"He's in a hurry to have me leave, and I don't blame him," murmured Frank. "I'll scoot."

He rose to take his leave, but he could not forbear asking:

"Pardon me, Miss Nelson, but don't you consider a hotel a rather unsafe place to keep jewels?"

"Not with such a maid as Jennie is," laughed Miss Nelson, confidently. "She'd fight any burglar that ever breathed, and she always keeps a revolver handy. But that reminds me that you haven't seen my jewels. I think I have a rather pretty lot of them for a poor girl. Wait just a few moments more, Mr. Manley, and I will show them to you."

Rising, Miss Nelson tripped into the adjoining room.

"Ronald," she called, a few moments later, and nervously, "have you been looking at my jewels?"

"Why, no, my dear," replied the happy lover.

A quick scream from the girl brought them all running to her side.

Katherine Nelson, standing before a bureau, pointed tremulously to an open drawer.

"My jewels were there!" she faltered. "They are gone!"

"Gone?" screamed Mrs. Nelson.

"Stolen?" thundered Frank Manley.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE WARNING IN RED.

"Stolen?" gasped Ronald Rawson, adding his voice to the tumult of astonishment.

"Well, perhaps they're here," went on the girl, bitterly, and speaking as one in a dream. "Perhaps you can find them."

While the others stood back, stupefied, paralyzed, Rawson, with a hoarse cry, sprang at the bureau.

Like a madman he thrust his hands into all the corners of the drawer, rummaging wildly.

"Perhaps in some of the other drawers?" he cried, hopefully.

"Look and see," said the girl, so bewildered as to be, for the moment, almost out of her senses.

Rawson searched quickly, eagerly.

From the bureau he sprang to examine other pieces of furniture.

"I can't believe that they're gone!" he cried, thickly.

"It seems incredible," murmured white-faced, stricken Katherine Nelson.

"You had been keeping your gems in that top drawer?" broke in Frank.

"Yes," nodded the girl.

"Then it isn't of any use to look into all sorts of odd corners," went on Frank, briskly. "You won't find them that way. I would advise you to send out an alarm without the loss of a moment."

"But the gems can't really be outside of this room, you know," protested Rawson, turning his troubled face to Manley.

"I believe, nevertheless," clicked Manley, "that it would be well to call the police at once."

"Then will you be kind enough to do it," begged Mrs. Nelson, tremulously.

"After one moment," Frank agreed. "But there's something else to be done, first."

"What?"

"Before I leave these rooms, Mrs. Nelson, I must ask to be searched."

"Why, what for?" demanded Mrs. Nelson, wonderingly.

"So that it may be absolutely certain, afterward," insisted Manley, "that, in leaving these rooms, I did not take the gems with me."

"That would be utterly absurd," declared Miss Nelson, rallying for the first time since the discovery of her great loss. "Why, Mr. Manley, we know to a certainty that you weren't even in this room until after the loss of the jewels had been discovered."

"Nevertheless, ladies, I must insist; I will not leave your sight until I have been searched. Mr. Rawson, will you do me the favor of searching me?"

"Why, yes, if you put it in the light of a favor," replied the big fellow, slowly.

He came forward, passing his hands up and down over Manley's clothing.

"Nothing so bulky as jewels cases about you, of course," reported the lover.

"Would you like to take me into another room to make a more thorough search?" asked Frank.

"No; of course not."

"Mr. Manley," blazed Katherine Nelson, "I will not allow this miserable farce of a search to go any further. No one suspects you; we all know you to be above question."

"Now, since Manley has been searched," suggested Rawson, grimly, "I insist that I, also, be searched. Manley, will you do it for me, as I did it for you?"

"I would suggest," retorted Frank, with the suspicion of a smile, "that Miss Nelson, as the one most interested, would better make the search."

"Very well, then, my dear, here I am, wholly at your mercy," suggested Rawson, going toward her.



"Oh, Ronald, dear, let us not joke when I feel as if my heart were breaking."

"Don't let it worry you, pet," urged Rawson, placing one arm around the girl. "Probably we shall recover the jewels. If we don't, I shall buy you better after we are married. But come! I insist, Kate, that you search me."

He was so insistent that Miss Nelson ran her hands lightly up and down over the pockets in his clothing.

"I am searching you, Ronald," choked the girl, in an effort to be playful. "But I would rather lose my own life than find the jewels on you."

"Very valuable jewels, were they not?" asked Frank, of Mrs. Nelson.

"They have been appraised at eighty thousand dollars," replied the girl's mother.

"Eighty thou——wheew!" And then Frank found himself repeating the girl's own words:

"A rather pretty lot for a poor girl!"

But he had heard that, while Rawson was wealthy, the girl was possessed of considerably greater riches.

"Now, I shall go for the police," called Frank.

He rushed out, yet he was back in a surprisingly quick time to report:

"The chief of police will be here at once."

"You must have run fearfully!" cried the girl. "Yet you don't seem to be out of breath."

"I didn't run far," replied Manley. "Only as far as the telephone booth in the hotel office."

They were still ransacking the rooms—the girl, her mother and the lover, when Bradford's chief of police, Mr. Gerrity, arrived.

Gerrity went at the matter sharply, seeing everything and thinking of everything that needed to be asked. His manner was of the kind that brings confidence to women in trouble.

"We can't accuse Mr. Manley," suggested Rawson, after some minutes. "He insisted on being searched before he left here."

"Oh, I know all about Manley and his record," retorted the Bradford official. "Manley has risked his life dozens of times in bringing evil-doers to justice. And I must say," the chief added, slowly, "that whenever Manley goes after a criminal, the criminal might as well hold up his hands and walk in. He has an instinct that would make him a wonderful police assistant if he didn't believe that there is more glory in being an athlete. Now, Miss Nelson, I am wondering about your maid."

At that moment the maid, Jennie, a young and buxom English girl, stepped into the apartments. She looked startled, indeed, at finding the uniformed chief of police there.

Gerrity turned upon the girl, who burst into tears as soon as she heard the news. The chief questioned her severely.

But Miss Nelson interposed, saying she was certain that the jewels were in the bureau at the time that Jennie went out.

So Gerrity finally turned his attention to the doors opening into the other rooms. He felt certain that the thief

had not entered through any of these doors, all of which had been bolted on the inside.

Next, the chief examined the windows. Yet it was plain that, the further he searched, the more puzzled he became.

"You will employ detectives in this matter?" he asked.

"Of course," said Rawson, promptly.

"Then I shall be glad if you will let me advise you as to the detectives."

"It will be very kind of you," declared Rawson. "I know nothing about detectives."

"Then will you go with me to the station-house? We can lay out a plan together. Manley, will you come?"

"If you wish," Frank assented. "But I really do not see what I can do."

"Then, better still, Manley," suggested Chief Gerrity, "will you let me call upon you later, if there is anything you can do? I shall know better when Mr. Rawson and I have perfected our plans."

"Call upon me, day or night," agreed Frank, "and I shall be at your service."

"I shall hold you to that, Manley," said the chief, seriously, as he left the room with Ronald Rawson.

"Oh, Mr. Manley, if you can help us!" said Katherine Nelson, her beautiful eyes filling with tears as she clutched at the young athlete's hand.

"It will give me even greater pleasure than it will you, Miss Nelson, if I can really serve you. But now, until I hear from the chief, I think it will be well for me to get to my home."

"We have been very selfish in our misery," cried Mrs. Nelson, self-reproachfully. "Your poor mother will be worried to death, wondering where you are."

"She knows," smiled Frank. "I called her up when I was at the telephone. But I shall need my supper—"

"That you shall have it here, before you go," insisted Miss Nelson.

"It is being prepared for me at home, thank you. And there is not a little study to be done this evening, for I am at school, you know."

"Then, at least, you shall go home in our sleigh," begged the girl. "Wait. I will order it."

Ten minutes later, seated under the thick robes of the handsome Russian sleigh, Manley started for Woodstock.

He reached home, ate his supper, and told his mother the latest news from Bradford, explaining merely that he had met Miss Nelson on the road and had been invited to Bradford by her.

Mrs. Manley noted, of course, the evidence of the wound at the back of his head, but, as Frank did not speak of it, she imagined it to be merely the result of some accidental ice sports. As Frank did not like to be coddled in such matters, his mother asked him nothing.

"And now, mother," cried Frank, as he brought his books to the dining-room table, "for an hour or two of good study."

He was still at his books, an hour later, when the front door-bell rang.

Manley opened the door. As he did so, the bumping of a



heavy billet of fire wood tied to the door-knob attracted his attention.

Frank smiled, thinking it some boy's joke, until his eyes fell upon an envelope tied to the wood.

This envelope he quickly slipped into his pocket, then, with the wood in one hand, returned to the dining-room.

"See this, mother?" he laughed. "Some one had that idea of a joke. It is a good one—for us—for it helps fill the wood box."

He passed into the kitchen, dropping the wood into the box.

Then, beyond the reach of his mother's eyes, he hastily looked at the note that he had found in the envelope.

The sheet of paper at which he stared was inscribed in large, coarse letters written and printed in red ink.

The message ran:

"Have just heard that you are after me agen. Better not. It's a deth game! I need until midnight Sattday to escape. If you come on my trail before that time or make any effort to hinder my plans, then I swear I will drop everything else and make it my whole and sole business to kill you. You know whether I am the kind to make good. Leave me alone or die.

"THE MAN THAT SHOT."

"That's from the same fellow, all right," muttered Frank, grimly. "Well, we shall see what we shall do!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ICE NAVY LINES UP.

Whirr! Scratch! Glide!

"Hurrah!"

"The Bradford boat is a winner!"

"Until Woodstock starts!"

"Just see those craft shoot ahead. Why, express trains would be left behind!"

"Pshaw!" You can't tell anything about the boats yet."

"I can see that they're whizzing along mighty fast."

"You think so, but they're all going dead slow compared with their real speeds. Not one of the captains intends to show the others what his boat can really do until they get started."

"Do you believe that?"

"I know it. The captains are all watching the others and trying to hide the good points of their own boats."

"It's wonderful sport, anyway. I don't blame people for losing their heads over it."

Cheering, eager crowds lined the river bank near Woodstock.

Saturday afternoon had come, and, with it, the great ice-boat regatta that Manley had planned.

Woodstock and Bradford had entered their boats, as a matter of course.

The Rutherford boys, too, were over with their bran-new craft.

Alton, too, was represented by a fast boat.

The Colchester Prep boys had also expected to enter a boat, but had been obliged, almost at the last moment, to telegraph news of disaster to their new craft.

As it was, however, four boats were about all that could be safely maneuvered in a close race on so narrow a river.

The sailing conditions, this year, were such as to call for the highest kind of skill in handling.

Only two men were allowed to a boat—one in the cockpit, and the other out on the cross-beam to steady the craft.

Where, last year, Frank had had three men on the cross beam, he was compelled, now, to do with one.

And, where he had had help aft in the handling of the sheets, he must now control these with one hand while he kept the other on the sensitive tiller.

The race was to start at Woodstock, the boats being drawn up to the starting line with sails hoisted and sheets loose.

At the pistol crack each captain was to haul in his sheets and make the quickest start that he could.

If, at the start, any young captain fouled another, he was to be ruled out of the race and another start attempted without the offender.

The rule of allowing but one man on the cross-beam had resulted in keeping the captains away from the great racing sails.

Each captain had tested his boat for the utmost of sail area with which it could be well handled.

And now, when all four of the boats were out on the ice, each captain closely studied the rigs of the other boats, and each captain felt that his own amount of sail gave him a fair, fighting chance for victory.

From Woodstock the crafts were to sail up the river to Bradford's dock, thence turning and returning to the Woodstock dock, and from there turning and sailing back to a finish line just above the first bend in the river.

Over by the Woodstock dock old Hek Owen, father of Tod Owen, the captain of the Bradfords, stood and talked jovially, if somewhat boastfully, of Bradford's chances of winning.

"Any tips to-day, Mr. Owen?" called some one.

"I say," grinned Hek, "just as I always say, that our boys are going to win."

"But who do you think is going to win?"

"Why, Bradford, of course," insisted Hek.

"What are Woodstock's chances?"

"Good for second," laughed Hek.

"Betting anything?"

"I'd like to, quick enough," assented Hek. "But Manley has always tried to frown down betting on these affairs by saying that he wouldn't race for a lot of gamblers."

"Manley's no sport," laughed some one.

"He's a good enough sport," declared Hek, seriously, "to always keep our boys on the anxious seat for a victory."

"Yet you really think Bradford is going to win to-day?"

"Why, as for that," replied Hek, squinting out at the little ice navy that was maneuvering beyond, "Bradford



carries at least as much sail as anyone, and Tod's a mighty careful handler of the boat. Not so careful, either, as to lose any chances by being afraid to risk things."

Now a cheer went up from the onlookers, for, off on a practice stretch, the two rival boats were running close to each other, and in the same direction.

"How do you feel to-day, Tod?" Manley called out.

"First rate. Got a winning gait on, I think. But hear those people cheer. Do they think we're trying to let ourselves out now?"

"I shan't, if they do expect it," laughed Frank. "The way my sheets pull at my arm, I'm going to get a sore arm soon enough, without getting one before the race starts."

"The wind is good for up and down," went on Tod. "Just what we want—a wind that blows right across the river for the greater part of the course."

"If the wind doesn't change it will be bully. Well, I'm going about. They'll be calling us to the line soon."

Yet, when Frank had run the Woodstock boat down below the line, he found that he had at least ten minutes to spare before the judges would want him.

"Going to stay by the boat, Hal?" he called out to his crew of one.

"Sure!" nodded Spofford, with emphasis.

"Then I'll run ashore and stretch my legs. They're going to get cramped enough in the race."

In a moment Manley was on the shore near the gym.

In the road a little way up he had espied one of the Dunstan sleighs in which were Miss Dunstan, her friend, Grace Scott, and Mr. Dunstan.

Lifting his cap, Frank quickly took the slender little hand that Kitty held out to him.

"You're going to win?" asked his sweetheart.

"Of course," Frank laughed.

"It doesn't seem to me that Rutherford has much chance, with her boat," went on Kitty.

"Nor those big Alton fellows, with their craft," added Grace.

"I have no opinions to offer until after the race," said Mr. Dunstan, lazily, as he slowly blew out a cloud of cigar smoke.

"We're going to see the start," explained Kitty. "Then we'll drive up so that Grace and I can get out and be close to the finish line."

"Be careful, please, that you're not too close to the line," begged Frank. "Remember that our boats come whizzing like the wind. We don't want to run over any one to-day."

"The judges are going out to see the boats placed," announced Mr. Dunstan.

"Good-by, then—all!" called Frank.

But Kitty's was the only hand that he took in his, in that quick, energetic clasp.

Her shining eyes were gazing right into his, wishing him an abundance of success in the race for which at east two towns had waited ever since the first ice.

Frank ran lightly down to the shore, and out upon the ice.

The judges had not yet given the order to form, but the

other captains were already placing their craft so that the tip of each bowsprit was just over the starting line.

So Frank and Hal jumped in at their task. Just as they got the boat placed willing bystanders dragged up the huge bag of sand to which the stern of the Woodstock boat was made fast.

With the other boats similarly moored, each young captain now took post by his tiller, waiting eagerly for the word.

At last it came:

"Cast off!"

Four hawse-lines went off in the same instant, while the onlooking hundreds cheered.

"Make ready! Lively, there, now!"

Frank's sheets were in his left hand, his right on the tiller, his eyes fixed ahead.

Crack!

The signal had come. The race was on—time was counting!

With a quick motion of his left hand Manley drew the sheets in just as he wanted them.

"Hurrah!"

"Woodstock wins—of course!"

For Frank's boat had started just a shade in advance of the others.

Not by more than three or four seconds did he lead, however, for almost instantly the crowd was shouting:

"There goes Tod!"

"Bully for Bradford!"

Bradford was away second, Rutherford third, and Alton, after an unlooked fumble, was now away, ten seconds to the rear of Rutherford.

As the rushing wind drove in on Manley's cheek it brought all the hot, eager blood of contest bubbling up.

Out on the cross-beam Hal was paying no heed either to the cheering crowds or to the other boats.

When there is but one man out forward, he has all he can do to keep his busy thoughts on so balancing the boat as to allow her the utmost speed that can be had without risk.

Now, as a gust struck mainsail and jib, Hal had to crouch down and work rapidly out to windward, there to bear down and do his best to keep the craft from capsizing.

Manley, too, had more problems than steering and handling the sheets.

"How easy a little carelessness could smash Hal for life," he muttered. "Poor old chap, his life is literally in my hands!"

For, if Manley, in his efforts to gain speed, hauled the sheets too taut, he took fearful chances of capsizing the craft and dashing Spofford off onto the ice.

At the speed at which the leading boat was now going such a tumble to the ice would mean little less than certain death.

"This is a game for cool heads!" muttered Manley, between his teeth. "I hope my head belongs in that class."

But he did not glance backward—could not—did not need to.



As long as he could not see Tod's bowsprit abeam, Manley knew that he was leading.

Here, at the bend, other cheering throngs greeted them.

And now, as they entered the changed course of the river, it became necessary to beat to windward.

Here, great skill was required in getting the utmost of speed out of a boat.

Here, also, the greatest care was needed, to prevent fouling.

"Tod's getting in on us, now," murmured Frank, as he caught a glimpse of his rival. "Wonder where the other fellows are?"

And Hal, taking an instant's peep at the work of the others in the fleet, grumbled:

"I didn't think Bradford would behave so well going to windward! The other fellows don't seem to bother us much, though."

As the boats, rounding the second bend, started up the ice once more with the wind abeam and sheets well in, Bradford led Woodstock by a safe thirty yards!

## CHAPTER IX.

### DISASTER'S AWFUL PALL.

Crouching far out to windward, as the ice yacht heeled over, Hal called back:

"Can't you crowd on a bit more, old man?"

"I don't dare to tighten a sheet," Frank called back over the roar of the runners and the straining creak of cordage.

"Why not?" urged Hal. "She'll stand it."

"I doubt it. And I can't kill you, Hal!"

"Who? Oh, me!" cried Woodstock's lieutenant, doughtily. "Don't mind me. Win the race!"

"Not at some kinds of cost, my boy."

"Rot!" retorted Hal. "We're out to win."

"We'll do it, too, I think. Get in nearer the mast."

The wind having lightened a little, Manley wanted the boat to run on all three runners.

At the same time, in the lighter breeze, he drew the sheets in in the effort to get more speed out of the swift machine under him.

Tod held his lead, yet even so the Woodstock boat was traveling at a dizzying speed that would have frightened a novice.

To the eager spectators close inshore, who shouted cheers and advice, Manley paid no heed. If he saw them, for an instant, in turning, it was only as one sees dimly through a mist. At the terrific speed at which he was going it was not possible for the young captain to distinguish one human figure from another.

The wind was rushing into his eyes. The sharp, constant scrape of steel underneath tried even Manley's nerves. The tugging of the sheets made his left arm numb with a dull pain.

"I'll be glad to change arms on the down run," muttered Manley.

"You can crowd on a little more," called back Hal.

Frank, watching and judging, shook his head.

"Not with safety," he shouted back.

"Forget that I'm out here," begged Hal.

"Can't! Wouldn't if I could!"

Well enough Manley knew that he was free to put his chum's life in peril if it would win the race.

That was like Hal.

Yet Spofford thought less of the actual victory than he did of the credit to Manley in winning.

"Oh, say, don't be so afraid of me!" bellowed back Hal over the racket the racer made.

"Shut up," smiled Manley, "and attend only to your own end of the boat. I won't kill you until I get ready!"

Light words, spoken in a jest, and full of affection for the splendid and loyal chum.

Hard as the wrench was on his strong young muscles, Manley found the strain on his nerves far greater.

Just a half inch further in he pulled the sheets, all the time watchful for the effects.

But, the wind freshening, he slackened out slightly, as the craft bounded onward.

"We're gaining a foot or so," thrilled Frank, presently.

Looking aloft he saw that the spars were standing the strain splendidly. There would be no need to watch them in a race where only one man was allowed out forward.

"I believe we've got another foot or two on Tod," chuckled Frank.

Hal, looking backward, nodded joyously.

"We may not be in second best," quivered Frank. "A little careful gain, and holding it, and we ought to win as well as we did last year."

But on a slight bend, with a few minutes more of beating to windward, the Bradford captain again stole some lead.

"Bad!" muttered Frank. "But Tod's boat behaves a trifle better going up to the wind."

Now, here was the clear stretch to Bradford.

Frank saw, instantly, the eager, waiting crowd near the dock.

Then the racers whizzed by, and maneuvered to save time on the turn.

Here, again, Manley proved himself to be the better skipper.

As the boats headed down the course again Manley had covered up nearly all of Tod's lead.

"If we can get a little ahead," thought Manley anxiously, "before we come to that stretch before the wind, above the last bend."

For it is a curious fact of ice boating that boats which, with the wind abeam, can sail faster than the wind moves, go more slowly than the wind when going before it.

Hal, crouching far out on the windward beam, and disregarding all Frank's advice to get in closer, crouched and held on grittily, never looking at the ice fast moving back under him, but always either at the leading Bradford boat, or else at the Woodstock craft's own bulging mainsail and jib.



As to the Rutherford and Alton boats, though they were not far behind in the stretch, yet Hal did not once deem them worthy of watching.

Manley had gained perhaps five feet by the time that they neared the glare of ice above the first bend.

Here they veered around, going full before the now constant wind.

But, as our hero had surmised, the Bradford boat, best in beating to windward, also moved with a trifle less friction in going before a fair wind.

Down at the finish line just below the crowds were watching breathlessly.

So close were the leaders that the friends of neither side dared brag of victory as yet.

For the last stretch down the river was yet to be sailed, and a turn made at the Woodstock dock, before the last spurt could be made at the finish line.

"I may lose, but I hope not," muttered Frank, to himself. "If I lose, I can't cry baby. I've sailed the best that I know how to-day."

As they reached the bend, Frank knew that, somewhere in the great crowd, stood Kitty Dunstan, her eyes fixed anxiously on him.

But he could not turn to seek her with his eyes.

All his attention, all his thought, must be on the flying craft that he commanded—a craft that an instant's inattention would hurl to wreck and disaster.

"I'll try to win yet—try to add this day's record to the other victories that I've brought back to Kit," gritted the young athlete.

Now they were racing for the Woodstock turn.

Frank put every atom of attention and energy into the turn.

If anything, he made a better turn than the Bradford boat did, though Tod was still many yards ahead as they careened onward on the ice for the finish.

The wind freshening, they were going at terrific speed now.

Frank was crowding on all the craft could bear.

Hal, standing with one hand at the mast, was yet standing slantingly out on the cross-beam.

Twice or thrice he lurched outward, to hurl more weight onto the beam.

Each time he recovered himself by falling back against the mast.

By this nervy maneuver he was risking his life at every attempt.

"Stop that!" roared Frank, above the roar of the runners.

But Hal, in his wild desire for a winning, was beyond being stopped at anything.

Woodstock could not win to-day, though. As the boats got nearer to the finish line the onlookers realized that nothing short of a wreck could stop Bradford.

Yet, even as Woodstock sorrowed, Frank, in the last dash, tried to cut down the rival's lead all he could.

Here they were, up to the finish line—Woodstock beaten!

As the mile-a-minute flyers crossed the line chagrin changed to horror.

Hal lurched from the cross-bar, landing crashingly on the ice on his head.

"Spofford killed!" flashed the swift tidings!

## CHAPTER X.

### DEATH MASQUERADES IN EVENING CLOTHES.

"Darn the duds, anyway!" grumbled Joe. "I'd feel better in swimming trunks or a sweater!"

Having removed his overcoat, Prescott looked at himself in a long mirror, then turned to note the effect of similar attire on Frank and Jackets.

The scene had shifted.

Now, the three boys, attired for the first time in their lives in spotless evening dress, had just shed their overcoats in one of the upstairs rooms at the great Warrenton house above Bradford.

It was the night of the wedding.

"Do any of you gentlemen wish a valet?" asked a man servant, looking in through the doorway.

"A valet?" repeated Joe. "Thank you, no."

And added under his breath:

"I feel more as if I needed my mother."

Frank was surveying his chum with a quizzical smile. Though Joe fussed at being in evening clothes—"swallow-tail and all"—he made a strikingly handsome figure in such attire. Nor did he move awkwardly at any time in the new clothes.

"How do you behave in such things, Frank?" asked Joe, after a pause.

"Behave naturally, just as you would in any other clothes," laughed Manley.

"But aren't you expected to make a bow by bending up double like a dancing master?"

"Nonsense, Joe. Do just as you would in any other kind of clothes," advised Manley.

"Only do it a little more so?" queried Prescott, anxiously.

"It's a shame Hal couldn't be here to-night," sighed Jackets.

"On the contrary," uttered Joe, "I think he's better off where he is. A broken head isn't to be compared with having to wear a dress-suit and having to try to act like a society monkey."

Passing close to his chum, Frank dropped toward his ear the whispered significant words:

"We're not here to play at society to-night! It's to be business with us, and lots of it!"

Hal Spofford had been picked up from the ice unconscious. But youth is strong and enduring. Though Spofford had received a fearful shock, he had escaped fracture of the skull.

Now he lay at home, suffering a great deal of pain, and feeling too weak even to walk about; but he was in no grave danger.



It had been a keen disappointment to Frank that his closest chum must be left out of the excitement of this evening, but it could not be helped.

The day before, Mr. Warrenton, whom our young friends had not yet seen, had sent a present of two hundred and fifty dollars as reward for the part the four boys had played in saving his famous silver plate from the thieves' melting-pot.

With a part of the money Frank had insisted that they should buy dress-suits in order that they might be present at the Rawson-Nelson wedding, and this for a very good reason of their own.

Tailors had had to put aside other work in order to rush the evening clothes for the youngsters, but the rush task had been accomplished.

Mr. Dunstan, when he heard that the boys intended going to the wedding, had generously offered them one of his carriages.

Now they stood alone in this particular dressing-room.

"We got here good and early," muttered Jack Winston in an undertone.

"It was necessary," Frank replied. "We had to be in here in time to watch everything—to see every one, and to hear as much as possible of what is being said by certain persons."

While the youngsters still waited in the dressing-room, truth to tell, feeling rather lonely in that great house, Mr. Warrenton bustled in.

"I heard that you young gentlemen were here," he cried, "and I felt that I could not let more time go by before making you acquaintance in person."

Frank presented himself and the others, and explained the reason of Hal's absence.

Mr. Warrenton was extremely sorry to hear of Spofford's ugly mishap, but undisguisedly glad to see the three who had come.

He was an elderly man, of medium height, slender and somewhat bent. Hair and beard were snow-white, and he was somewhat bald. What impressed a stranger most were Mr. Warrenton's piercing eyes, that seemed made on purpose to see right through anything at which they looked.

Yet he had not been able to see through the mystery of the attempt upon his silver plate vault, nor could he comprehend the theft of Miss Nelson's jewels.

"I was in hopes that you young men would have something to tell me about both mysteries," he hinted.

"Both affairs go rather beyond our powers," Frank replied, evasively.

"And now, for want of something better to do, you will come down and look at the gifts to the bride, won't you?"

Mr. Warrenton led the way to one of the spacious rooms below, where a glittering and costly array of wedding gifts had been laid out.

One of the first presents to attract Manley's eyes was a handsome set of diamond and pearl jewelry, a gift from Rawson.

Mr. Warrenton followed with more jewels. In view of

the bride's losses by theft the old man had added many rare bits of jewelry at the last moment.

There were hosts of other handsome gifts, the cost of them, altogether, representing a very handsome little fortune.

In the room were five or six men in evening clothes—private detectives hired to mingle with the guests, yet to keep a vigilant eye on all the treasures displayed there.

Mr. Warrenton was obliged to hasten to attend to other details.

"We'll spend most of our time in this room, when the guests begin to arrive," Frank found opportunity to whisper to his friends. "Before the ceremony this will be the point of greatest attraction."

But, for the present, they strolled into other great rooms on the ground floor.

In one of them they came face to face with Ronald Rawson.

"You youngsters here?" he asked, appearing greatly surprised.

"Yes," Frank informed him. "On account, I suppose, of our share in getting the silver plate back here, Mr. Warrenton sent us invitations. It was the first affair of the kind for us, so of course we had to come. I trust we shan't seem too green and out of place."

"Oh, you don't look green, not a bit of it," Rawson made haste to assure them. "You'll enjoy yourselves—I hope you will. But don't mind me to-night if I don't appear to talk sense. You don't know, yet, what it is to be a bridegroom! And now, I must leave you—but be sure to have a good time."

The boys stood looking quietly after him.

"The fates seem to have been against him a bit," murmured Joe. "In the first place, the family plate that will be needed at the wedding supper came within an ace of turning up missing. And then the fates willed that his bride should lose her jewels."

"It's to be hoped," said Frank, "that the fates aren't busy with any more pitfalls for this excited young man."

Some of the guests were beginning to arrive now. Joe had an opportunity to see how men who were used to them wore evening clothes.

Frank overheard a conversation that made him prick up his ears. Two male guests were talking in low tones.

"See that fellow over there in the square-toed shoes?"

"Yes; private detective, isn't he?"

"Not exactly, as I happen to know. The fellow's name is Brannigan. He's employed by Franko, the jeweler in New York. When you see Brannigan out at an affair of this kind, it means that he has been sent along with some jewels that are supposed to be a present, but which, really, are only hired for the occasion. Whatever gift Brannigan is here especially to guard will be returned to Franko tomorrow."

"Whew! But I don't understand. The groom is rich, and his uncle is vastly rich. It is hardly likely that either of them would make a fake wedding gift."

"Some one is doing it."



"Then look among the guests for the offender against good taste."

"But which one of the principal guests would do such a thing, either?"

"Well," came the laughing reply, "it looks as if we would either have to be consumed by curiosity, or else pump Bran-nigan."

"A few more twisted skeins in the maze," muttered Manley, under his breath.

It was not long before an exodus set in among the men. Up one flight a room had been set apart for smoking, and here on a buffet stood a huge bowl of punch. Bottles containing other liquors were at hand.

Frank, Joe and Jackets drifted in here, merely to be within reach of the talk.

But the room was filled with cigarette and cigar smoke, while some of the young men were drinking up to the limit of what was safe for them.

"Step forward, and sample the punch; it's the best of the season," cried one young guest, pushing Frank forward.

"Thank you," he replied simply, "we are in training and don't use liquors."

But the boys stood about, listening to the light-hearted chat until a servant made his way into the room, bearing a tray on which were three glasses of lemonade.

"Mr. Warrenton presents his compliments, and sends a beverage that he hopes will be satisfactory to the young gentlemen," was the servant's message.

For want of anything better to do, several of the men stopped their own talk to watch the young athletes. One or two made laughing remarks, in undertones, about "school-boys' drinks."

Frank accepted his glass from the tray on which it was proffered. Joe took his glass, and was about to drink, when he caught Manley's quiet but significant look.

Jackets felt the pressure of Manley's heel on his toe.

"Please offer Mr. Warrenton our thanks for his thought of us," said Frank, quietly, and the servant went away.

Still Frank held the glass, its contents untasted.

Soon the men turned to other matters, more interesting.

Frank retreated to a corner, followed by his two chums.

"What's up?" whispered Joe.

"Nothing."

Then, screened by Joe's and Winston's bodies, Frank poured some of the lemonade into a small bottle that he took from his pocket.

This accomplished, he emptied the rest of the glassful into a champagne cooler that stood at hand.

Quietly, he took Joe's and Winston's glasses in turn and emptied them in similar fashion.

The servant who had brought them the drinks had just returned.

Frank stepped forward, placing his glass on the tray.

"The lemonade was delicious," he lied, simply.

Frank soon strolled from the room, Joe and Jackets in close tow.

In one of the rooms he had noted a pet cat, dosing on one of the sofas.

They were not observed, as the three boys went toward the cat.

"I hope no one is very greatly attached to this animal," whispered Manley, grimly. "I wouldn't do this, but it's necessary."

Seizing the cat, he held its jaws open, pouring through them the sample of lemonade that he had saved.

The cat objected, of course, but was soon pacified, and lay down to doze once more.

In ten minutes the boys returned.

"It's dead!" gasped Joe. "Heart has stopped, and the thing isn't breathing."

"I'm glad the lemonade went to the cat, instead of us," said Frank, quietly but grimly.

"But, good heavens, Frank—" began Joe, in an excited whisper.

"And it was Mr. Warrenton who sent us the lemonade," muttered Jackets.

"Hush, both of you," Manley ordered softly. "We were warned to let this whole strange affair drop. Our defiance lay in coming here. We are taking chances at every turn to-night. Death is here—death for us. It is masquerading, at our elbows, in evening clothes! Be careful that you dodge well when Death gets close!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### WEDDING GUESTS OVER A VOLCANO.

Again the three Up and At 'Em Boys drifted in and out among the guests down in the room where the wedding gifts were being displayed.

There was music by an orchestra, now, in an adjoining room, and laughter rang high as beautiful women chatted and rallied their escorts.

And here, over in a corner, Frank found Mr. Dunstan and Kitty and Grace, the latter feeling almost guilty over the idea of enjoying herself while Hal lay painfully ill at home.

As soon as he had an opportunity to whisper in Kit's ear, Frank murmured:

"Don't be surprised, dear, if I don't pay you the usual attention to-night. There will be a reason, Kit."

"Reason, Frank?" she asked, in an undertone.

"Yes; and of the most important kind. All I can say, Kit, is that I am not here for pleasure to-night."

Kitty's thoughts went swiftly back to the silver robbery affair. She remembered, too, the jewel robbery in which he had been so much interested.

"Frank," she whispered, uneasily, "there isn't going to be trouble here to-night, is there?"

"Why, let us hope not," he evaded.

"If anything unpleasant must happen, Frank, please be very sure that it is very quietly done. Kate Nelson is a dear girl, and naturally her heart is set on having every-



thing go off smoothly. It would make me sick at heart if anything happened to spoil her wedding!"

"I shall remember that, and be careful," Frank answered.

"Then there really is trouble in the air?" appealed Kitty Dunstan.

"Kit, there is absolutely nothing that I can tell you just now. Don't try to tease it out of me, dear."

So Kitty remained silent on that point, though she fidgeted a good deal the rest of the evening.

It was the first time that Frank had seen Kitty in evening dress. He noted, with a great thrill, how beautiful and peerless his sweetheart looked by contrast with the other women present. He wished, too, that Hal could have been there to feast his eyes with glimpses of Grace Scott.

But soon Frank was away again, wandering here and there, and always with his two faithful chums close at hand. They strolled about as boys might who were eager to see how such a great affair was conducted.

And so, at last, they stood in the broad corridor, just back of the foot of the broad staircase.

"It doesn't seem to me that I'd call this as much fun as a good, brisk evening put in in a gymnasium," declared Joe.

"Listen to Joe 'knocking' at social life on his first glimpse of it," laughed Jackets.

"Do you like it, little one?" asked Joe.

"What? Like the music, the flowers, the bright dresses and the bright faces? Like the laughter and the happiness that we see all around us?" cried Jackets. "Who wouldn't like happiness?"

"Perhaps every one here is just trying to look happy," argued Joe.

"You certainly are a 'knocker,' Joe," smiled Manley. "Hear the orchestra playing that waltz, now. Doesn't that set your toes to trembling for a dance?"

"I believe I'd sooner have the music outdoors to skate to," grumbled Prescott.

"Besides, I've never seen any one get married before," chimed in young Winston. "Naturally, I'm eager for such a sight."

Joe favored his little chum with a queer look.

"I wonder if you'll enjoy your own wedding, Joe, when the time comes?" propounded Winston.

Joe looked aloft, as if for the answer.

In an instant, with a muffled exclamation, he darted forward, hands outstretched, pushing Manley fairly away from where he stood.

Blump!

Joe went staggering toward the floor, trying manfully to hold on with both hands to the big block of iron that rested between them.

Then, relaxing, Prescott allowed the block of iron to rest on the polished floor.

He straightened up coolly, but his face was deathly white.

"Some one must have been mighty careless," he muttered, while Manley looked on with a queer and half-comprehending stare. "Lucky I saw it just in time and caught it!"

"All's well that ends well," returned Manley, with equal coolness. "Don't let a little carelessness on the part of some

servant cause any excitement. Here, we'll stow that chunk under the stairs."

This the youngsters accomplished quickly. Though there were others in the broad corridor, no one had happened to be looking their way at the moment.

The whole incident was over before the attention of any of the other guests had been attracted.

Then the boys strolled into the vestibule, through which, just now, no guests were coming.

"It came from the top floor," whispered Joe. "It was so dark up there that I couldn't see who dropped it. Thank goodness I saw the thing coming. It would have struck you right on top of the head if I hadn't happened to see it."

"If that weight of iron had struck the top of my head," grimaced Manley, "nothing else that will be done in this world could have interested me. And now you realize that that cat didn't die of sheer laziness. We are in constant danger here!"

"We can't talk here," murmured Joe, uneasily. "Let's get out hats and coats, and go for a stroll in the grounds. Then we can see that no one is near enough to play spy on our talk."

Five minutes later the boys stood under a bare tree in the freezing January night.

"I feel like some one who had just escaped from a mad-house," shivered Joe, disgustedly. "Warrenton sends us poisoned lemonade, for fear we're thirsty. Some one drops a pile driver on us. I don't blame the fellow who sighed for the simple life!"

"The strain will soon be over," muttered Manley.

"If we live through it," grinned Joe.

Crack! With two sleighs driving up to the door, and a third departing, with a crashing burst of melody from the orchestra, and the lively clatter and laughter of scores of guests, the sound of pistol fire was hardly audible.

Whizz-zz-ew! The bullet struck Manley's head. He staggered under the shock, but Jackets caught him under the shoulder, bearing him up.

"Jupiter!" thrilled Joe.

Wheeling like a flash he scanned all the windows in turn on that side of the house.

"I can't make out where it came from," he shivered.

Then, anxiously:

"Are you hard hit, old fellow?"

"Don't believe it struck me," smiled Manley, standing alone now. "It seemed as if it was the force of the wind stirred up by the flight of the bullet that toppled me over."

"Jupiter, yes! But you are hit, too!" uttered Prescott, seizing Frank by the shoulder and peering at his right temple. "There's the mark that shows the path of the bullet."

"Gracious! What a close shave!" thrilled Jackets. "The bullet glanced along the temple, but didn't break the skin, so neatly did it graze. A quarter of an inch closer would have meant death!"

But Joe had no mind for looking at the red track left by the bullet on the white flesh.

With quick presence of mind he had understood that a



second more successful attempt on Manley's life might be made. Prescott was closely watching the house.

"Too much noise for that shot to attract attention," muttered Joe, still gazing steadfastly.

"Somewhere in that house," murmured Frank, "is our old acquaintance, the sharpshooter! We may be sure of that, for there are not many men who shoot as well as he does."

"And, by hokey, we'll find him and land him," gritted Joe.

"Come into the house," urged Jackets. "It's too risky out here—and all to no purpose."

They walked toward the great house, yet all the while kept their senses on the alert to detect any further attempt that might be made.

Leaving hats and coats in the dressing-room, they filed into the temporary smoking-room.

They were just in time to hear a toast to the bridegroom.

Rawson was here, though at this comparatively late moment he should have been in his dressing-room, awaiting the summons before the clergyman.

"My friends," laughed Rawson, "you surely don't expect a speech from me at this moment. But I assure you of my thanks."

Glasses were drained amid much laughter.

As he was passing from the room, Ronald Rawson caught sight of the youngsters.

"Enjoying yourselves, boys?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"Immensely," Frank answered, quietly.

"Yet with your habits of no drink and no tobacco it must seem stupid in this smoking-room."

"At least it's lively," Joe answered.

Rawson hastened out, going toward his own room.

Manley, from the hallway, watched the door close on the bridegroom.

"Where's Mr. Warrenton?" nudged Jackets.

"Probably down stairs. We'll see."

And below they found the host of the evening. He was talking merrily with guests. Manley watched the old man with a peculiar smile, then sauntered over to where Kitty was the center of a merry group of young people.

He nodded to her, as he caught her bright smile, and passed on.

"What on earth are the boys up to?" wondered the puzzled Kitty. "If I didn't know that they were here for something very special, I should mercly think they were roaming about all eyes."

Before the drawn curtains over a doorway Manley halted, his two chums with him.

Just as a precaution, he looked behind the curtains to make sure that the sliding doors were shut.

"All happiness here," suggested Jackets.

"It shows you how little happiness is really founded on sometimes," replied Frank. "These wedding guests are standing over a raging volcano, yet all they hear is laughter and music."

Suddenly our hero felt a quick thrust in the back.

He turned quickly, then ran his hand behind the curtains, just as he heard the sliding doors close gently.

Frank's hand encountered something that gave him a start. He drew his hand away, looking at the object in his hand.

It was a silver-handled pocket-knife, its narrow, sharp-pointed, three-inch blade open.

He had found it sticking in the curtain, through which some one, opening the sliding doors, had attempted to thrust it.

But the point had stuck in the knot of a curtain tassel.

"What—" exploded Joe, vigorously, though in a stifled undertone, as he peered and caught sight of the blade.

Dashing the curtains aside, Joe made a quick lunge for one of the handles of the sliding doors.

He was keenly bent on instant chase on the other side of the doors.

But Manley's restraining foot pressed against Prescott's toes.

"Not now, Joe! No excitement yet!"

Growling under his breath, Joe subsided, while Jackets demanded, tremulously:

"Where was the blow struck for?"

"For the small of my back," Frank replied, "and with devilish force. Had the point reached me unhindered I suppose I would have been of no more use in life."

"I can't stand this sort of thing any longer," quivered Joe.

"Getting on your nerves," smiled Frank, coldly.

"It's not that," retorted Prescott, with quiet indignation. "But I can't stand all this sort of thing without an effort to hit back!"

"We must wait, and not spoil things."

"We'll wait a bit away from that door," interposed Jackets.

A few feet further up the room, with their backs to a wall that was assuredly solid, they took up a new stand in this long waiting game.

Suddenly Frank felt an intimation that the waiting was about at an end.

In the next room, at considerable distance away, he made out a new figure moving through the throng—Bradford's chief of police, Gerrity.

"Stay where you are," whispered Frank. "I'll be back soon."

Yet he did not hurry toward Gerrity, but strolled about, and soon it would seem that it just happened that, five minutes later, the young Woodstock athlete and the Bradford official stood together in a corner of a room.

They were looking on idly, laughing, talking, apparently, of nothing in particular.

Yet Manley found chance to ask, in a cautious undertone:

"The news, chief?"

"About all that we could want, I guess."

"Then you've seen the man?"

"The very one you wanted!"

"And the result?"

"Perfect!"

"Then he has told—"



"All that you want to know."

"He says——" Frank began questioningly.

Gerrity leaned closer, whispered a few words in our hero's ear.

"Good!" thrilled Manley. "Is it all clear to you now, chief?"

"Not wholly."

"It will be, soon."

"Then——"

It was Frank's turn to whisper in his companion's ear.

Gerrity's eyes snapped.

"Manley, it's wonderful!"

"And hard to believe—eh?"

"About the hardest thing I ever had to believe!"

"It took me a long time to see it that way," Frank answered.

"But you're sure, now?"

"With the news you bring me—yes."

"Then how soon will you move?"

"It's high time to do it at once," Manley declared.

"Will you want me with you?"

"No; but you should be within call."

"No fear but what I shall be, Manley. This is the most exciting thing I ever had happen in my career."

"Be on the lookout," Frank whispered. "I move now!"

First of all our hero crossed to where Kitty Dunstan stood.

He waited until he caught her eye, and then, by a mute signal, he soon drew his sweetheart apart from the throng and at his side.

"Kit," he whispered, "what I am going to ask may seem extraordinary, but it simply has to be done. I know the bride is waiting the summons to leave her room for the altar. But I must see her at once in the library. It must be done! I am choosing you as my messenger, Kit, and you will assure her that I have the gravest of reasons for asking her to meet me in the library."

Kit looked at him, her eyes big with wonder.

Then, with a nod and a smile, she moved away, promptly and decisively.

A word to a servant Frank uttered, and sent that man off on the double quick.

Then, in the corridor, Gerrity and our hero passed, and Frank received two parcels, which were quickly transferred to Joe and Jackets, who concealed them under their coats.

Then along toward the library Frank went, followed by his chums.

On the way they passed an open door. Just inside stood Ronald Rawson, waiting to be called by his best man.

Seeing the boys, he smiled and murmured:

"The wedding moment is almost here!"

"Get it over with quickly," was Frank's odd reply as he

## CHAPTER XII.

### SPRINGING AN EARTHQUAKE.

Hardly had the boys entered the empty library than a hand was laid on the door-knob.

"Come right in, Kate," urged Kitty Dunstan. "Mr. Manley is here and waiting for you."

Katherine Nelson, splendid and queenly in the full panoply of bridal array, glided into the room behind Kitty Dunstan.

"It was a very strange message that I received at such a moment," uttered Miss Nelson directly.

"Only the beginning of something perhaps stranger," replied Frank, his face white and set with the horror of what he had to say.

"Kitty could not tell me what it was," went on Miss Nelson, becoming nervous upon realization of the gravity of Manley's manner.

"Miss Dunstan did not know the nature of what I have to say," rejoined the young athlete. "But she soon will know, if she has your permission to remain."

"My permission?" repeated Miss Nelson, smiling oddly. "It seems to me, Mr. Manley, that you are the host on this occasion."

"There was a knock at the door. Jackets sprang forward to admit Mr. Warrenton, who had Mrs. Nelson on his arm.

"I thought it best to knock," laughed the old man, "since others seem to have taken possession here."

"Say to Mr. Rawson," asked Frank, turning to Joe, "that Miss Nelson would like to see him here for a moment."

The bride looked fully as surprised as she was at this sending of a message in her name, but she bit her lip and said nothing.

A moment or two later, a brisk, firm, heavy tread was heard in the hall without.

Then Ronald Rawson strode into the room, followed by Joe.

The bridegroom halted in natural astonishment at finding such a gathering.

"You've all got mighty solemn faces," muttered the bridegroom.

"It's because no one knows what's coming," rejoined Manley, with an effort at speaking lightly. "But I have just received some information which, I am convinced, should be given to you all without delay."

"It must be very important to interrupt us at such an hour," retorted the bridegroom.

"I promise you," Manley went on soberly, "that you will find what I have to say quite important enough to warrant even delaying the wedding a few minutes. In the first place, then, as a big surprise to you all——"

Frank was standing with a table between himself and the others. Joe and Jackets flanked that table.

"As a start on the way to surprise," began Manley, once more, after a pause, "allow me to show you something."



In the same instant Joe and Jackets placed their parcels on the table.

With a few quick motions Frank tore away the paper wrappings.

A cry came from Kate Nelson, as she took a swift, almost tottering step forward.

Frank, having bared two handsome cases of morocco leather, now quickly sprang the lids up.

"How'll this do for a surprise?" he asked.

"My lost jewels!" cried the excited bride.

"How on earth did you——" began Ronald Rawson. He was standing as if rooted to the spot, open-mouthed with astonishment.

"In the name of all that's wonderful," broke in Mr. Warrenton, but stopped, too dumfounded to proceed.

"To the best of my belief, Miss Nelson," Frank assured her, "you will find every one of your jewels here."

"But where were they?" demanded the bride, without looking up from her recovered treasure. "How did you find them?"

"There were many of us in it, Miss Nelson," replied Manley. "It is not a story that can be told in quite ten words. Perhaps I had better go back to the point where the story begins, with the robbery of the silver plate and the motive back of it."

At this there were several intense exclamations from those present.

In this moment of absorbed interest it is safe to say that even the coming wedding was forgotten.

"Mr. Rawson," asked Frank, looking at the bridegroom, "will you pardon me if I use your name in this matter? Mind you, I do not claim that there is any truth in what I say. I wish only to suppose certain things about you for—well, let us say, for the sake of illustration."

Every eye turned upon the bridegroom. He flushed, then whitened out, his lips twitching.

"Is what you have to say necessary just now?" he asked, impatiently.

"Very necessary," Manley insisted. "You don't refuse your consent to what I have to say, do you?"

Riveted by the steady gaze of so many eyes, the bridegroom felt forced to reply:

"Go on, Manley."

"Very good, then, Mr. Rawson. I will begin by saying that common report fixes your fortune at about three hundred thousand dollars. It is a good deal of money. But let us suppose that, wholly unknown to any of your closest friends, you had contracted a habit of gambling?"

"That's hardly fair, even as an illustration," protested Rawson, chokingly.

"It is only an illustration, of course, Mr. Rawson. But let us suppose that, as might very easily happen, your whole fortune had gone over the side—that you were a poor man?"

"Now, with this for guess-work, let us see what lay before you. You were, and still are, engaged to marry a young woman several times richer than you ever were. Yet you have much hope of inheritance from your uncle."

"Stop!" shouted Rawson, huskily. "I was content to let you speak of me. But you are dragging others in."

"It is necessary to a complete story," retorted Manley, his white face full on the other.

"This sounds more like an accusation," uttered Rawson.

"Very well, then," retorted Frank, slowly, deliberately. "It is an accusation! Ronald Rawson, you, first of all, tried to rob your uncle's plate vault. Failing, you stole Miss Nelson's jewels!"

There was a brief moment of stunned silence.

It was broken by the bride crying out, tremulously:

"No, no, no!"

Frank turned for an instant's look of sympathy at the trembling bride, who now stood sustained by Kitty Dunstan's arms around her waist.

"But you have gone further than that, Rawson," continued the young athlete, sternly. "Fearing that I would stumble upon your full and shameful history, you have tried to put me out of the story by the fearful crime of murder! Yes, I accuse you of several attempts to kill me!"

The bridegroom had regained something of his self-control.

"You have made this charge, Manley, and, though you are but a boy, I shall hold you responsible for all that you have said. You must at once prove what you have said—or take the consequences. Now, then!"

"You needed money for your wedding," went on Frank Manley, quietly, but making each word cut. "Now, a rich man has no need of immediate money. His credit will take the place of money. Yet creditors are a sharp-nosed lot. They have an instinct that guides them, often, in the case of a man who no longer has any money back of his credit."

"So you found it, when you turned about to get credit. The state of your affairs had been scented out by the very class of men whom you hoped would trust you. They demanded ready money before they would furnish you with anything. Having neither money nor credit left, you were in a bad fix, for he needs much money to spend when he weds a young woman as wealthy as Miss Nelson."

"So you thought of your uncle's plate in the vault. Your uncle believed that he alone knew the combination. I do not pretend to know how you, Ronald Rawson, secured the combination. At a guess I will say that you had access to his safe in the city, and that there you found a paper giving the combination to the vault."

"You engaged ordinary thieves to help you in your work. It was easy for you to get in here in the dead of night and remove the loot. Every one here knows how your plan was interfered with. You were in the boat with your men the night we overhauled you. That man had red hair and beard—wigs. He also wore spectacles. Are you aware, Mr. Rawson, that the first time I saw you there was still the mark of spectacles' bridge across your nose? In fact, it is still slightly evident."

"Now, I was fired upon from ambush at a distance, and by a man who is a master of the rifle. You have been known as a crack sharpshooter in one of the swell militia



arguments. Friends of mine almost overtook you, as you ran from that ambush. They did pick up the rifle that you dropped in your flight.

"That rifle, Rawson, is marked with the same style of initial, 'W,' that is on the Warrenton family plate. I will admit that, for a while, I wondered whether your uncle could have been the thief of his own plate, for some strange reason, and whether he had tried to kill me in order to hide his own strange crime.

"But, in looking up your reputation, Rawson, as a rifle-shot, I learned, also, that your uncle is an abominably poor shot. It was a Warrenton rifle, locked in a case from which only you or your uncle could have taken it.

"When you failed to steal the plate and melt it down, you consulted a money-lender. He offered you ten thousand dollars for jewels of Miss Nelson's that were worth eight times as much. Yes, you are not to be blamed for starting. You see, we know everything, even to the name of the money-lender—Stein.

"I remember that you left Miss Nelson's room once before the loss of the jewels were discovered. It was then that you passed the gems to Stein, and received the money that would carry you through this wedding without the discovery that you are a ruined man.

"By following up every one who left Bradford in that early evening we got on the track of Stein. After a great deal of hard work, in which the very detective you hired helped, we ran Stein down and got him.

"Stein is now in the hands of the Bradford police. You still have some of the money received from that money-lender. Yet you did not have enough money for everything, so the jewels which now, in another room, stand as your wedding gift to Miss Nelson are, in reality, hired of the jeweller, Franko, and are even now guarded by his man, Brannigan.

"If you had not tried to ambush me, and if your rifle had not been found, Rawson, it is probable that I would not have gotten the final knowledge that I now have. Yet to-night, no less than four times, you have again tried to kill me. Shall I go on with this story?"

But Ronald Rawson, after trying to choke out speech, and failing, turned and sprang for the door.

As he pulled it open Chief Gerrity pushed him back into the room, following him in.

"Miss Nelson," continued our hero, "Mr. Rawson realized that, a little later, you would have to know much of the truth that you have heard. Probably he relied upon your pride to hush it up after you were once wedded to him."

Those who had expected to see the bride of the evening collapse, were astonished.

She stood quite erect, her eyes flashing, as she asked, clearly:

"Ronald, have you anything to say?"

He did not even look at her, but stared at the carpet.

"Then I have this to say," she went on. "I could have forgiven you the loss of fortune—might even have overlooked the cause—gambling. But the crimes of theft and

murder put you beyond my sympathy. I cannot even mourn your loss."

"Of course the guests must be told that the wedding has been given up," broke in Mr. Warrenton, in a hollow voice. "And I suppose my nephew must go with the policeman and learn the life of the felon."

"It may not be necessary," interposed Frank. "That would stain the names of Nelson and Warrenton. If Rawson will pledge his word to leave the United States, under guard, and never return, I will ask no vengeance for his attacks on my life. I know that he will not dare return, for he knows how easily I can put the officers on his track."

"What do you say, Ronald?" asked his uncle, weakly.

"I will go," came the faint, sullen answer.

"And you will make no further attempts against Manley?"

"I will not."

Rawson kept his word. He is still out of the country.

Nor did his courageous bride waste time in mourning his memory.

A truer man afterward led her to the altar as a June bride.

\* \* \* \* \*

The guests under the Warrenton roof that night were dismissed, in wonderment, by the announcement that the discovery of the bridegroom's partly unbalanced mind made at least a postponement of the marriage necessary.

Under a pledge of silence John Dunstan heard the first that he knew of the strange affair.

"It was wonderful," cried Kitty, "how you were able to follow the whole matter from such a slight start."

"It seemed baffling," Frank replied. "But it all became much clearer after that rifle came into my hands. Then I soon knew my man. All that remained to do was to find the proof."

"Poor Kate!" sighed Kitty.

"Lucky Kate!" retorted Frank. "She might have been the wife of the scoundrel by this time!"

"You saved her!" breathed Kitty Dunstan, her bright eyes looking into Frank's.

## THE END.

You liked this splendid story, didn't you? You couldn't help it. Yet there's an even better story coming. It is "FRANK MANLEY'S SWEEPING SCORE; OR, A WONDERFUL DAY AT CURLING," which will be published complete in No. 20 of Frank Manley's Weekly, out next week! Athletic and other exciting doings are combined in a wonderful way in this great story!

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.



## PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 51.

Ice boating is a wonderful sport, nor do I like to ask you to take my word for it.

It will be rather easy for you to prove the truth of my statement for yourself.

Any group of three or four bright boys, who are fairly handy with tools, and who can buy a little in the way of material, can build for themselves a small ice boat that will furnish no end of fun, health and happiness.

There cannot be a moment's doubt of the value of ice boating as a means of physical training.

The keen, swift sport will send all the blood dancing through a boy's arteries.

The abundance of fresh air that is taken into the lungs while sailing in an ice boat in a good wind will act as the best blood purifier on earth.

Ice boating is good work for the nerves—provided you don't lose your head. The youngsters who can handle an ice boat skilfully will soon have nerves that will stand any kind of racket.

The materials for making an ice boat do not come high. Not very much lumber is called for. Three runners can be gotten chiefly at the blacksmith's.

Then a tiller post is needed, a mast, some canvas and ropes. Designs for an ice boat can be found in a book at any public library.

I remember an ice boat out of which several of we youngsters got great fun quite some few years ago. We secured an old flat-bottomed boat that was past any kind of usefulness in the summer-time.

Forward, as runners, we screwed on two of the old-fashioned wooden skates.

Aft, we rigged the third runner, which served also as a rudder, back of the boat.

Our mast we cut in the woods, and trimmed it in my back yard.

The sail we made out of bagging.

Yet we had a craft that would stand a good deal of wear and tear on the river ice. It was not fancy, but what a lot of good, solid fun we got out of that ice boat!

And go? I wouldn't dare to tell you how much speed we got out of the clumsy-looking old thing.

Then there's still another kind of ice boat that is possible to boys who haven't any great amount of skill at building things.

Have you a "double runner"—one of those coasting affairs made of two sleds with a long board connecting the tops of the two sleds?

Through the seat-board of your double runner cut a hole right up at the front end and over the front sled. This hole should be loose enough to allow the mast to turn, and yet should not be too loose.

The bottom of the mast is to be "stepped" into the sled, and made even more secure by cleating it soundly.

Now, rig your sail from this mast. A sail made from oat bags will be more than strong enough.

Now, fill your double runner with passengers. The sheet—the rope that pulls the sail in, or lets it out—should be in the hands of a boy at the hind end of the double runner.

Of course the steersman will have to be up front.

It is the boy who controls the sheet, and who can see best how things are going, who must be captain of this kind of craft.

After a little practice by steersman and captain there is no danger of upsetting. For that matter, whenever the captain sees that a puff of wind is too strong, and threatens to blow the double runner over, all he has to do is to ease out the sheet quickly, and the wind can't keep hold of the sail. Then the steersman can instantly have things running to rights.

And speed? Well, say! That double runner, under sail, on a good sheet of ice and with a likely wind, will hum along at a rate and for a distance that will make ordinary coasting seem mighty tame.

The boy who isn't lucky enough to have a double runner, can even rig a small sail to a single sled. If he does, he will be surprised to find how much fun, and what a lot of cruising on ice can be had from such a very simple ice yacht.

Then there is another form of ice sailing that has come into great favor during the last few years.

This is sailing on your own skates.

Of course, when out on the ice, you have unbuttoned your coat and have spread it out before a fair wind, and have sailed along at good speed.

But to skate with a sail is vastly more fun.

The sailing skater carries a very light mast, not more than four or five feet long. To this is rigged a sail of the kind known as spritsail.

For such a sail no cloth more enduring than ordinary unbleached muslin is needed.

The easy thing about this kind of a sail is that you can hold it yourself at any angle at which you wish it set for catching the wind right.

Some ingenious sail-skaters arrange straps around the body for holding the sail stiffly in just the position desired.

Whatever kinds of ice sport you go in for this winter, be sure that you have some ice sailing along with it!



# Letters from Readers

**NOTICE.**—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Elizabeth, N. J., Sept. 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like to have you tell me what you think of my measurements. Age 17 years, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 120 pounds, wrist 6½ inches, neck 13½ inches, biceps 11 inches, ankle 8½ inches, calf 12½ inches, chest normal 32 inches, expanded 34 inches, waist 28 inches. How am I proportioned? Please point out my weak points. S. T.

All measurements good except chest expansion, which is insufficient, and waist line is an inch and a half too large.

Bayonne, N. J., September, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read with pleasure every one of the Young Athlete's Weekly, and the first two numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly. I buy Frank Manley's Weekly and other five cent libraries every week, but I like the former best. Here are a couple of questions I will take the liberty to ask. (1) I am 15 years old, my height is 5 feet 4 inches; neck, 12½ inches; waist, 27½ inches; chest, normal, 30 inches; expanded, 33½ inches; thighs, 19 inches; calf, 12½ inches; hips, 23½ inches; wrist, 7 inches; forearm, 9 inches; biceps, normal, 9 inches; flexed, 10½ inches, and shoulders, 37 inches. How are my measurements? Please mention my weak points, if any, and how to develop them. Will you kindly give me a few points on playing Rugby football? Yours truly, A Reader,

J. P. L.

P. S.—What is a good way to develop the wind and become a good runner.

Measurements good, except waist line about an inch too large. Football hints were given in abundance while the football stories were running.

Kokomo, Ind., September 16, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read your interesting weekly from No. 1 to No. 32 I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. I am 18 years and 1 month old; weight, 149½ pounds; height, 5 feet 8¼ inches; neck, 15 inches; shoulders, 21½ inches; chest, natural, 35 inches; expanded, 39 inches; arm, 11¼ inches; forearm, 10½ inches; waist, 29½ inches; hip, 36 inches; thigh, 20½ inches; knee, 14 inches; calf, 14¼ inches; ankle, 8¼ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points? (3) What are my strong points? (4) How can I strengthen my weak points? (5) What should I weigh? With three cheers for Frank Manley, Hal and Sato, and a tiger for "Jackets," I will remain a reader of your fine book. With thanks to Physical Director and good luck to Frank Tousey, I am,

C. B.

(1, 2 and 3) Measurements exceptionally good throughout. (4) Just keep at regular exercise and live right in all ways. (5) Your weight is O. K.

Wheeling, W. Va., September 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading your weekly from No. 1 of the Athlete's Weekly to No. 2 of Frank Manley's Weekly. I am 14 years and 1 month old. I weigh 101 pounds, 5 feet 2 inches in height; my neck is 13 inches; chest, 27½ inches; expanded, 31 inches; calves, 11 inches; waist, 24 inches; upper arm, 8½ inches; forearm, 8 inches; wrist, 5½ inches. (1) How are my measurements, which were taken when I was stripped? (2) What is good for catarrh? (3) Mr. Physical Director, what is your right name? and if you ever come to Wheeling

stop in the public library and see me. Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

H. O. G. Medick.

P. S.—Long live Jackets, Frank, Kitty, and the U. A. E. Boys.

You are well built, except that calves are small. (2) Catarrh is rarely cured, but it is helped greatly by careful diet, outdoor life and plenty of exercise. (3) I prefer to be known as P. Physical Director.

Kalamazoo, Mich., September 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all the Young Athlete's and Frank Manley's to date except ten, I would like to ask you a few questions. I have read of strong, healthy and enduring men who lived on raw foods. (1) Is uncooked food better than cooked food? (2) Will you please tell me what you think of my measurements? I am 16 years old and weigh 138 pounds; height, 5 feet 8¼ inches; neck, 12¾ inches; biceps, 10 inches; flexed, 11 inches; shoulders, 38 inches around; chest, normal, 32¾ inches; expanded, 35¼ inches; waist, 28½ inches; hips, 35 inches; thighs, 18½ inches; calves, 12¾ inches; ankles 8½ inches; wrist 7 inches; forearm, 10 inches. A long life to F. M. W.

An Ardent Admirer.

(1) Uncooked foods are certainly all right and there is no harm in living on them altogether. (2) Neck, calves and biceps small. Another inch chest expansion needed.

Elmira, N. Y., September 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a young man 14 years of age. I am fond of out-door sports and do not use tobacco nor liquor in any form. I eat three big meals a day and keep regular hours, but do not seem to grow stouter or healthier. Below you will find my measurements. Please let me know how I can improve them. Age, 14 years; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 130 pounds; chest, 33 inches; expanded, 35½ inches; waist, 30 inches; thighs, 20 inches; knees, 12¾ inches. Yours truly,

Clifford Schenk.

Go in for more chest expansion. You are, of course, very light in weight. As to your lack of strength, probably you eat too much. Read past Talks, learn to chew your food well and to take no beverages at meal times. Exercise faithfully every day. Read Talks 44 and 45 carefully.

New Haven, Conn., September 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all The Young Athlete's Weekly up to date, I think they are great. I would like to ask a few questions. Please tell me if I have any strong points and weak ones, and how they may be remedied. Age, 16 years and 3 months; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 121 pounds; shoulders, 18½ inches; biceps, 9 inches; forearm, 9¼ inches; wrist 6 5-8 inches; hips, 31½ inches; thigh, 19 inches; calf, 12½ inches; ankle, 10 inches; neck, 13¼ inches; chest, normal, 31¼ inches; expanded, 34 inches (stripped). Wishing great success to Young Athlete's Weekly.

Yours truly,

S. V. F.

You are rather slender. More training is indicated, and more than an inch more chest expansion needed.

Marblehead, Mass., September 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Your Young Athlete's Weekly is great. I am 13 years 10 months and 11 days and weigh 105 pounds, height 5 feet 4 inches; waist, 27 inches;

neck, 12½ inches; shoulders, 13 inches; calves, 12¼ inches; chest normal, 30 inches; expansion, 31½ inches; arms, 19½ inches from my armpits to wrists; legs from hips to the floor, 40 inches; wrist, 6½ inches; can chin the bar 3 times. (1) Is there a muscle in the forearm and if so what is its name? (2) How are my measurements? (3) We have an iron pipe with one jug filled with water, on each end. Is it good to exercise with? (4) Will heavy work get a person muscle-bound if he does plenty of light work besides?

Yours truly,

"Hippo."

(1) There are several muscles in the forearm, the principal ones being the flexors, which double the arm, and the extensors, which straighten it. (2) Neck rather small, and chest expansion very poor. (3) Depends on the kinds of exercises. (4) The light work in plenty helps to avert the danger of being muscle-bound.

New York City, October 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read nearly all The Young Athlete's Weekly, and think they are fine. I am 15 years old, 5 feet 5 inches; weigh 127 pounds; neck, 13 inches; chest, normal, 32 inches; expanded, 34½ inches; wrist, 7 inches; waist, 26½ inches; thigh, 20 inches; calves, 14 inches; ankles, 10 inches; reach, 26 inches; shoulders, across, 17 inches. (1) Is riding a bicycle good exercise? (2) How are my measurements? (3) What are my weak and my strong points? (4) In summer I go swimming every day, and in winter skating. Are these good exercises. Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain, your loyal,

G. K.

(1) I have answered this often. Scorching, hard and long riding and doubling up over the handlebars, are injurious. (2) If you are in hard flesh you are of very sturdy build. (3) Poor chest expansion. You need at least another inch. (4) Certainly.

South Amboy, N. J., October 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all your weeklies except 5 I think I am entitled to an answer to my letter. I am small for my age. My measurements are: Height, 4 feet 5½ inches; weight, 66 pounds; waist, 23½ inches; neck, 10½ inches; chest, 15 inches; calf, 10 inches; upper arm, expanded, 7 3-8 inches; age, 14 years 10 months. (1) What can I do for my growth, my weight, as I would like to be taller? (2) Also exercises so I shall expand in all my proportions? (3) How much are my measurements below the standard? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

G. A. K.

You are of small build, but your measurements are in good proportion. General exercise is what you want, with plenty of time out of doors. Go in for club and bell work, bag-punching or boxing, wrestling, horizontal bar work and, especially, distance running at a slow jog. This, with careful chewing of all food, using no beverage at meal times but drinking water freely between meals, will increase your size slowly but surely.

New York City, October 4, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 14 years 7 months of age; weigh 123 pounds; height, 5 feet 5 inches; chest, normal, 33½ inches; expanded, 35½ inches; waist, 28¼ inches; wrists, 6½ inches; neck, 13 inches; calf, 13¼ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How can I remedy them? (3) My back gets tired when I row or do heavy work; how can I stop it? Yours sincerely,

Nathan M. Abramson. 181 Henry Street.

You have not enough chest expansion and your waist line is too large. Exercise for these points will provide the remedy. Your back is tired because the muscles are not strong enough; the remedy is all-around exercise.

Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Physical Director:

I want to ask a few questions on my measurements. Here they are: Age, 13 years 1 month; height, 4 feet 10 inches; weight, 84 pounds; wrists, 6¼ inches; biceps, 11¼ inches; chest, normal, 27¼ inches; inflated, 29¼ inches; waist, 24¼ inches. (1) What are my weak points? (2) How can I develop them? (3) I am



the bells and clubs and punching bag, accompanied by a swim every morning. Hoping to see answer in Frank Manley's Weekly, I remain,  
Arthur H.

Waist too large, and you need a little more chest expansion. You should add distance running, at least, to your other exercises. Running can be kept up through the winter, except when there is too much snow. Skating is, of course, a good substitute for running.

New York City, October 3, 1905.

After having read every one of your Young Athlete's Weekly from No. 1 to to 36, I admire them very much. I am 16 years of age, 5 feet 4½ inches and weigh 123 pounds; chest, normal, 33; chest, expanded, 36; neck, 14 inches; waist, 30 inches; wrist, 7 inches; shoulders, 16 inches; calves, 15 inches; thighs, 19 inches. (1) What position would I make good for on a baseball team? (2) How are my measurements? (3) What are my weak points? (4) Answer my strong points. Yours respectfully,

I Would if I Could Be.

(1) One of the infielders. (2) Good in general. (3) Three inches too much waist line. (4) Chest good, neck and calves very good.

New York City, October 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all the copies of the Athlete's Weekly up to date and think they are just "great." I would like to see if you would agree with height and weight of my age. I am 15 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches and weigh 112 pounds. If not satisfied please give me a few points on how to advance. Hoping to see my answer in print as soon as possible I remain, a reader,  
Jas. M. Davis.

P. S.—One loud cheer for Frank Manley and Physical Director.

You have every right to be satisfied with your height and weight at your age.

Baltimore, Md., October 4, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of your splendid weekly and have just finished No. 4 of Frank Manley's Weekly and think it fine. How are my measurements? Age, 10 years 2 months; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 68 pounds. (1) How can I increase my height? (2) How is my weight? Hoping to see this soon in print, I remain,

Yours truly, Roger Young.

Your measurements on the very slight order. Chewing your food as thoroughly as I always recommend, drinking no beverages with meals but plenty of water between meals, and leading a real outdoor life as much as you can, should put on weight for you.

Merriam Park, Minn., October 2, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

What is your opinion of the following measurements, taken, stripped? Age, 18 years; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 125 pounds; shoulder breadth, 16 inches; chest, contracted, 31 inches; normal, 33 inches; expanded, 35 inches; waist, 28 inches; upper arm, normal, 10 inches; contracted, 11½ inches; forearm, 9½ inches; wrist, 6½ inches; neck, 13 inches; hips, 31 inches; thigh, 20 inches; calf, 13½ inches; ankle, 10 inches. (1) What are my weak points? (2) Do you think I am in good condition? (3) Have I any strong points? I am all hard, solid flesh, no fat. (4) How would the following training program be? Get up at 5, go through Frank Manley's breathing drill, his dumb-bell drill, his bag drill, work on horizontal bar, go through "Up and At 'Em" leg work, cold bath and rubdown, breakfast, high school, dinner, study, about 3.30 punch bag, Indian clubs, or Whitely exerciser, one of the last three every day with one of either boxing, wrestling, fencing, or jiu-jitsu. Then go skating, swimming, or football according to the season. Supper about 8.20, restful evening, retire about 9.30. With this Frank's breathing drill four times a day, thorough chewing of proper food and drinking of water at proper times. (5) How much time should elapse between supper and bed time? (6) Was it ken-jitsu that the Up and At 'Em's used on the Poles in No. 2? (7) Is Kitty Dunstan keeping up her physical culture? (8) Is her father keeping up his jiu-jitsu lessons? (9) Is smoking opium harmful? (10) Is it possible for a

17-year-old boy to chin himself 15 times with one hand, or throw 100 pounds 12 feet, or swim five miles? I don't know of any who can do these things. Hoping the length of this letter will not send it to the waste basket, and hoping that some day I may meet Physical Director, I remain, a friend and admirer of Physical Director, his weekly and all physical culture. L. S.

(1) Too much waist and too little chest expansion. (2) Yes, with the exception of the points just noted. (3) Generally good, except waist and chest. (4) If you follow out the regime mapped out you will keep in best condition at all times. (5) Between two and three hours. (6) No; ken-jitsu is two-handed sword play. What the boys used was stick fencing. (7) Emphatically. (8) No. (9) Worse than useless. (10) Possible, yes, to one in steady training under good instruction.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read your Athlete's and Frank Manley's Weeklies and think they are the finest in the country. I like to know if my measurements are correct or not. My age is 22 years; height is 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 150 pounds, stripped; neck, 14½ inches; chest, normal, 41; expanded, 43 inches; right and left forearm, 12 inches; right and left upper arm, flexed, 14½ inches; waist, 29 inches; hips, 35 inches; thighs, 21½ inches; calves, 14½ inches; ankles, 9 inches. I play foot and basketball. (1) How are my measurements? (2) Have I any weak points? (3) Am I an athlete in build? (4) Will I get any larger in build? (5) Does root beer hurt a person? (6) My face is very thin. What can I do to put more flesh on it. Yours truly,

James B. Barley.

(1) Fine in general. (2) You should have two inches more chest expansion. (3) Yes, when you get that chest where it should be. (4) Not likely; you are big enough. (5) Not if pure. (6) Perhaps more sleep is needed.

San Francisco, Cal., September 30, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of your fine weekly, I ask to see if you can help me with my case, and tell me what to do. Last winter my hands became cold and I felt a pain in my chest. I thought my hands would become warm as soon as the cold weather would be over, but when spring and summer came my hands were still cold and I felt the pain in chest. It began to worry me and so I went to a doctor. He examined me and said I had heart trouble and that was the cause of it. He gave me some pills to take, but they didn't seem to do me any good. I asked him if I could play ball and he said no, that my heart was too weak. When he said I couldn't play ball that made me feel bad, for my ambition was to become a professional ball player when I got older. I used to exercise every morning and then take a cold water sponge bath, and now I take deep breathing exercise and take a sponge bath and then walk to work. I am 17 years old and weigh about 106 pounds stripped. Do you think I will ever become a strong man and my heart become strong so I can become a ball player? If so, please tell me how. I will be so glad to become an athlete like Frank Manley, and hoping you will answer this through Frank Manley's Weekly, I remain a friend of yours. Yours truly,

John Brown.

I wish, indeed, that I could help you, but if you really have a weak heart I could not advise you in physical training until after I had examined you personally. If you are in doubt about the doctor being right in his verdict, get another physician to examine you.

Mankato, Minn., October 12, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all of the Athlete's and Frank Manley's. I think it is the best weekly of the day. I belong to the Y. M. C. A., but we only have two classes a week and I don't like that very well. About 30 of us boys are trying to start a club so we can have classes oftener. Some of the boys quit the Y. M. C. A. last winter because a boy died and the people said he caught cold from the cold water of the pool, but I don't see how he could as we have to cool down under a shower bath before going into it.

(1) What do you think about it? (2) How often do you think I ought to go in swimming in the winter? Here are my measurements: Age, sixteen years; height, five feet three inches; neck, 13 inches; shoulders, 17 inches across; chest, contracted, 28½ inches; normal, 31 inches; expanded, 33 inches; arm, normal, 10 inches; wrists, 6½ inches; waist, 26 inches; thighs, 18½ inches; calves, 13 inches and ankles, 8 inches. (3) What are weak and good points? (4) What do you think I am built for? (5) What is the cause and cure for nervousness? (6) Can you tell us how to bind our Athlete's because they get torn very easily when they are single and it costs too much to send them to a book-binding shop. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

O. A. B.

(1) It is difficult for me to believe that the boy's death was due to cold water. What is more likely is that he had a very weak heart and that the exertion of swimming killed him. The weakness of his heart should have been discovered during his physical examination. (2) When in the city, where I can reach a pool. I swim every day in winter. (3) Waist too large; not enough chest expansion. (4) Track work, after severe training. (5) Too broad a question; there are many causes. (6) Sorry that I cannot advise on bookbinding.

Sarcoxie, Mo., October 9, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Will you please tell me my weak points as I am a reader of the Young Athlete's Weekly. My height is 4 feet 8 inches; wrists, 6 inches; calf, 12 inches; upper leg, 16 inches; shoulders, 34 inches; breast, normal, 26 inches; expanded, 29 inches; weight, 74 pounds; neck, 11 inches; waist, 26 inches. Yours respectfully,

Russell Sims.

Your measurements are very fair, and your chest expansion is excellent, but your waist line is much too large.

Brooklyn, N. Y., October 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Will you please answer the following questions in Frank Manley's Weekly? (1) Measurements: Height, 4 feet 11 inches; chest, normal, 27 inches; expanded, 28½ inches; neck, 11½ inches; thighs, 16 inches; ankles, 7 inches; weight, 80 pounds, dressed; calves, 11 inches; waist, 23 inches; wrists, 5½ inches; hips, 27½ inches. (2) What are my weak points? (3) How can I strengthen them? (4) I don't have much appetite. How can I improve it? Yours truly,

J. O. R.

(1) Good generally. (2) Poor chest expansion, which will be greatly improved by steady drill in deep breathing as explained in No. 29 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. Improve your appetite in the only way possible—by plenty of exercise in the open air.

Philadelphia, Pa., October 8, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read nearly every one of the Young Athlete's Weekly and I think they are fine. Has poor old Hob Prouty got back in the club yet? I haven't had time to write a letter to you before because I was afraid you would not receive it. Let me take permission to ask some questions. I arise at 5 o'clock in the morning and sell papers until 7. (1) Is it right to eat my breakfast when I come in or go out? The boys say I am big for my age. (2) How are my measurements? Age, 13 years 10 months; weight, 90 pounds; neck, 12 inches; chest, normal, 26½ inches; expanded, 28½ inches; wrist, 6 inches; forearm, 10 inches. (3) Is cocoa harmful? I am going to use it instead of coffee and tea. Three rousing cheers for Frank, the Club and Kitty, too, Tod and Heck, but Bradford few.

I remain,

A. M. Lawrence.

(1) Better eat breakfast when you come in. (2) Measurements good, but get a little more chest expansion. (3) Cocoa is not really harmful, except that any beverage with a meal is harmful. Chew your food slowly and thoroughly; don't wash it down half chewed and give your stomach too much to do. Beverages swallowed with meals also weaken the digestive juices in the stomach and delay digestion.



# These Books Tell You Everything!

## A COMPLETE SET IS A REGULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA!

Each book consists of sixty-four pages, printed on good paper, in clear type and neatly bound in an attractive, illustrated cover. Most of the books are also profusely illustrated, and all of the subjects treated upon are explained in such a simple manner that any child can thoroughly understand them. Look over the list as classified and see if you want to know anything about the subjects mentioned.

THESE BOOKS ARE FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS OFFICE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN CENTS EACH, OR ANY THREE BOOKS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY. Address FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, N.Y.

### MESMERISM.

No. 81. HOW TO MESMERIZE.—Containing the most approved methods of mesmerism; also how to cure all kinds of diseases by animal magnetism, or, magnetic healing. By Prof. Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S., author of "How to Hypnotize," etc.

### PALMISTRY.

No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

### HYPNOTISM.

No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A.C.S.

### SPORTING.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 47. HOW TO BREAK, RIDE AND DRIVE A HORSE.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards. A complete book.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced. Tell your own fortune. Tell the fortune of your friends.

No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson.

### ATHLETIC.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald. A handy and useful book.

No. 34. HOW TO FENCE.—Containing full instruction for fencing and the use of the broadsword; also instruction in archery. Described with twenty-one practical illustrations, giving the best positions in fencing. A complete book.

### TRICKS WITH CARDS.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. Illustrated.

No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurors and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

### MAGIC.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book, as it will both amuse and instruct.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals. The only authentic explanation of second sight.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT OF HAND.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 75. HOW TO BECOME A CONJUROR.—Containing tricks with Dominos, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing thirty-six illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 78. HOW TO DO THE BLACK ART.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight of Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated.

### MECHANICAL.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc. The most instructive book published.

No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Æolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 59. HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC LANTERN.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated. By John Allen.

No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

### LETTER WRITING.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full directions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects; also giving sample letters for instruction.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book.

No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.



## THE STAGE.

No. 41. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned and ever popular German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

No. 16. **HOW TO KEEP A WINDOW GARDEN.**—Containing full instructions for constructing a window garden either in town or country, and the most approved methods for raising beautiful flowers at home. The most complete book of the kind ever published.

No. 30. **HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes by one of our most popular cooks.

No. 37. **HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.**—It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, Aeolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds.

## ELECTRICAL.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

## ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 9. **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.**—By Harry Kennedy. The secret given away. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions, by a practical professor (delighting multitudes every night with his wonderful imitations), can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published, and there's millions (of fun) in it.

No. 20. **HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.**—A very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 35. **HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. **HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rummy, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson.

## ETIQUETTE.

No. 13. **HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 33. **HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

## DECLAMATION.

No. 27. **HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.**—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 31. **HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

## SOCIETY.

No. 3. **HOW TO FLIRT.**—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one.

No. 4. **HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 17. **HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad, giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up.

No. 18. **HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless. Read this book and be convinced how to become beautiful.

## BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

No. 7. **HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.**—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parrot, parrot, etc.

No. 39. **HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.**—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw.

No. 40. **HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 8. **HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled.

No. 14. **HOW TO MAKE CANDY.**—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing full information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript, essential to a successful author. By Prince Hiland.

No. 38. **HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.**—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 55. **HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS AND COINS.**—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney.

No. 62. **HOW TO BECOME A WEST POINT MILITARY CADET.**—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet."

No. 63. **HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL CADET.**—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instruction, description of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarens, author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet."

**PRICE 10 CENTS EACH, OR 3 FOR 25 CENTS.**

Address **FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.**



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

**STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY**

By A SELF-MADE MAN

32 Pages of Reading Matter : : Handsome Colored Covers

**PRICE 5 CENTS A COPY**

**A New One Issued Every Friday**

This Weekly contains interesting stories of smart boys, who win fame and fortune by their ability to take advantage of passing opportunities. Some of these stories are founded on true incidents in the lives of our most successful self-made men, and show how a boy of pluck, perseverance and brains can become famous and wealthy. Every one of this series contains a good moral tone which makes "Fame and Fortune Weekly" a magazine for the home, although each number is replete with exciting adventures. The stories are the very best obtainable, the illustrations are by expert artists, and every effort is constantly being made to make it the best weekly on the news stands. Tell your friends about it.

#### ALREADY PUBLISHED.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 A Lucky Deal; or, The Cutest Boy in Wall Street.            | 9 Nip and Tuck; or, The Young Brokers of Wall Street.         |
| 2 Born to Good Luck; or, The Boy Who Succeeded.               | 10 A Copper Harvest; or, The Boys Who Worked a Deserted Mine. |
| 3 A Corner in Corn; or, How a Chicago Boy Did the Trick.      | 11 A Lucky Penny; or, The Fortunes of a Boston Boy.           |
| 4 A Game of Chance; or, The Boy Who Won Out.                  | 12 A Diamond in the Rough; or, A Brave Boy's Start in Life.   |
| 5 Hard to Beat; or, The Cleverest Boy in Wall Street.         | 13 Baiting the Bears; or, The Nerviest Boy in Wall Street.    |
| 6 Building a Railroad; or, The Young Contractors of Lakeview. | 14 A Gold Brick; or, The Boy Who Could Not be Downed.         |
| 7 Winning His Way; or, The Youngest Editor in Green River.    | 15 A Streak of Luck; or, The Boy Who Feathered His Nest.      |
| 8 The Wheel of Fortune; or, The Record of a Self-Made Boy.    | 16 A Good Thing; or, The Boy Who Made a Fortune.              |

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher**

**24 Union Square, New York**

## IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. **POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.**

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York. ....190

DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:

....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.....  
.... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.....  
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.....  
.... " " YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.....  
.... " " TEN-CENT HANDBOOKS, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....







FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY

GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG ATHLETES
(Formerly "THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY")
BY "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR"

Issued every Friday. A 32-PAGE BOOK FOR 5 CENTS. Handsome Colored Covers.

These intensely interesting stories describe the adventures of Frank Manley, a plucky young athlete, who tries to excel in all kinds of games and pastimes. Each number contains a story of manly sports, replete with lively incidents, dramatic situations and a sparkle of humor. Every popular game will be featured in the succeeding stories, such as baseball, skating, wrestling, etc.

- ALREADY PUBLISHED:
1 Frank Manley's Real Fight; or, What the Push-Ball Game Brought About.
2 Frank Manley's Lightning Track; or, Speed's Part in a Great Crisis.
3 Frank Manley's Amazing Vault; or, Pole and Brains in Deadly Earnest.
4 Frank Manley's Gridiron Grill; or, The Try-Out for Football Grit.
5 Frank Manley's Great Line-Up; or, The Woodstock Eleven on the Jump.
6 Frank Manley's Prize Tackle; or, The Football Tactics that Win.
7 Frank Manley's Mad Scrimmage; or, The Trick that Dazed Bradford.
8 Frank Manley's Lion-Hearted Rush; or, Staking Life on the Outcome.
9 Frank Manley's Mad Break Through; or, Playing Halfback for All it is Worth.
10 Frank Manley's Football Strategy; or, Beating Tod Owen's Fake Kick.
11 Frank Manley's Jap Ally; or, How Sato Played the Gridiron Game.
12 Frank Manley's Tandem Trick; or, How Hal Spofford Fooled the Enemy.
13 Frank Manley's Whirling Ten-Miler; or, Making Wind and Fortune Twins.
14 Frank Manley's Sweetheart; or, Winning Out for Kitty Dunstan's Sake.
15 Frank Manley's Prize Skating Squad; or, Keen Real Life on the Ice.
16 Frank Manley's Christmas Gift; or, The Luck that Ice Hockey Brought.
17 Frank Manley's Ice Carnival; or, The Grandest Winter Week on Record.
18 Frank Manley's Stolen Goal; or, The Newest Trick in Basket Ball.
19 Frank Manley's Ice Boat Regatta; or, The Fellows Who Came in Second Best.
20 Frank Manley's Sweeping Score; or, A Wonderful Day at Curling.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY

BE STRONG! By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR" BE HEALTHY!

- LATEST ISSUES:
14 Frank Manley in the Box; or, The Curve That Rattled Bradford.
15 Frank Manley's Scratch Hit; or, The Luck of "The Up-and-at-'em Boys."
16 Frank Manley's Double Play; or, The Game That Brought Fortune.
17 Frank Manley's All-around Game; or, Playing All the Nine Positions.
18 Frank Manley's Eight-Oared Crew; or, Tod Owen's Decoration Day Regatta.
19 Frank Manley's Earned Run; or, The Sprint That Won a Cup.
20 Frank Manley's Triple Play; or, The Only Hope of the Nine.
21 Frank Manley's Training Table; or, Whipping the Nine into Shape.
22 Frank Manley's Coaching; or, The Great Game that "Jackets" Pitched.
23 Frank Manley's First League Game; or, The Fourth of July Battle With Bradford.
24 Frank Manley's Match with Giants; or, The Great Game With the Alton "Grown-Ups."
25 Frank Manley's Training Camp; or, Getting in Trim for the Greatest Ball Game.
26 Frank Manley's Substitute Nine; or, A Game of Pure Grit.
27 Frank Manley's Longest Swim; or, Battling with Bradford in the Water.
28 Frank Manley's Bunch of Hits; or, Breaking the Season's Batting Record.
29 Frank Manley's Double Game; or, The Wonderful Four-Team Match.
30 Frank Manley's Summer Meet; or, "Trying Out" the Bradfords.
31 Frank Manley at His Wits' End; or, Playing Against a Bribe Umpire.
32 Frank Manley's Last Ball Game; or, The Season's Exciting Good-Bye to the Diamond.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher 24 Union Square, New York

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Libraries and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Cut out and fill in the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the books you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.
DEAR SIR—Enclosed find.....cents for which please send me:
....copies of WORK AND WIN, Nos.
.... " " FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY, Nos.
.... " " FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY, Nos.
.... " " WILD WEST WEEKLY, Nos.
.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.
.... " " PLUCK AND LUCK, Nos.
.... " " SECRET SERVICE, Nos.
.... " " YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY, Nos.
.... " " TEN-CENT HANDBOOKS, Nos.
Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....